The Outlook

Vol. 69 November 16, 1901 No. 11

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The Northern State Elections..... 663
The Southern State Elections..... 663
Ring Rule Overthrown in New York.... 664
The Causes of the Victory..... 665
Ring Rule Sustained in Philadelphia.... 665
Independent Voting Elsewhere..... 666
Presidential Foreshadowings..... 666
The Pension Report..... 667
The Philippines..... 668
Conditions in Cuba..... 668
Sunday Liquor-Selling..... 669
The Franco-Turkish Dispute..... 669
Li-Hung-Chang..... 670
The Pan-American Congress..... 671
The Trans-Siberian Railway..... 672
Bishops Moule and Gore..... 672
Recent Deaths..... 673

EDITORIALS:

The Revolution in New York City..... 674
Simple, Direct, and Telling..... 677
Lynchings in the South..... 678
Dramatist and Mystic..... 679

BOOKS AND WRITERS: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD
Directed by Hamilton Wright Mabie

The New Books:
The Best New Novels..... 681
Essays and Criticism..... 685
History and Travel..... 686
Balfour's Life of Stevenson..... 689
On a Spray of Heather (Poem)..... 693
By Robert Bridges
Tolstoï and the Russian Censors..... 694
Writers of Recent Fiction (Portraits).... 696
A Visit to Maeterlinck..... 700
By Edward A. Steiner
Heroes and Heroines of Recent Fiction.. 704
John Fiske's Histories..... 708
By Lyman Abbott
William Dean Howells (With Portrait)... 712
Hubert von Herkomer..... 714
By Elbert F. Baldwin
Authors and Authorship..... 719
Books of the Week..... 742

OTHER CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Religious Life in America—I. The Workingman and the Church..... 722
By Ernest Hamlin Abbott
Havana After Three Years..... 728
By Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., Special Commissioner of The Outlook
On Lynching in the South..... 731
By W. H. Levell
The Negro in Business..... 733
By Isaiah T. Montgomery
The Man from Glengarry. Chapter XXIII. —A Good, True Friend..... 734
By Ralph Connor

NOTES AND QUERIES..... 750

The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1901, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Substitution

If you simply ask for a disinfectant or for a bottle of Chlorides, a cheap imitation of Platt's Chlorides is usually substituted; this is generally impotent—or dangerous and made by some irresponsible druggist. Be sure to get "Platt's Chlorides." The "Strip Label" covering the cork and neck of every genuine bottle, if intact, guarantees the contents.

Platt's Chlorides

The household disinfectant.

An odorless, colorless liquid; powerful, safe, and economical. Sold in quart bottles only, by Druggists and high-class Grocers.

BIGGER BOX
SAME PRICE

Enameline

THE MODERN STOVE POLISH

Brilliant. Clean.
Easily Applied.
Absolutely
Odorless

LIQUID—
BETTER YET!
FIRE PROOF!!

HIGHEST OBTAINABLE HONORS

Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901 ✠ Gold Medal and Diploma awarded to

IMPERIAL GRANUM BEST FOOD

and most economical

"It always nourishes"

Infants of all ages, Nursing Mothers, Dyspeptics, Convalescents, and the Aged more often require proper diet than any medicine. Imperial Granum combines the most nutrition with no tax on the digestive organs and without the sickish sweet taste other foods have. A regular package at your druggist's will acquaint you with the merit and economy of Imperial Granum or readers of The Outlook can obtain a sample FREE.

Exact Fac-Simile of the Gold Medal Awarded Imperial Granum

Highest Awards Wherever Exhibited

JOHN CARLE & SONS, Dept. O.

153 Water Street, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 69 November 16, 1901 No. 11

The Northern State Elections

Last year it was observed that for the first time since 1880 the party in power was victorious in the Presidential election. It was also observed that 1900, like 1880, was a year of extraordinary business prosperity, as compared with the years that had preceded. This year's conditions were even more closely identical with those of 1881. The business prosperity of the Presidential year had again not only continued but increased, and in addition to this economic reason for sustaining the party in power there was added the strong appeal to the sentiment of all the voters caused by the assassination and nobly borne sufferings of the President chosen by the majority party. Like conditions were again followed by like results—the only difference being that last week the Republican triumph was even more marked than in 1881. Then the Republican pluralities fell off from those of the Presidential election in about the same measure that the whole vote decreased; but last week they were, as a rule, proportionately greater. Even in Massachusetts, where ex-Mayor Quincy made a vigorous campaign for Governor as the candidate of the "reunited Democracy," his vote was relatively less than that polled by Mr. Bryan, and, outside of Boston, no greater than that polled two years ago by Robert Treat Paine, Jr., the candidate of the Chicago-Platform wing of the party. In Massachusetts, however, the enormous plurality of 71,000 for Governor Crane was largely due to the well-deserved popularity of his administration. Rhode Island and New Jersey were the only Northern States in which the Democrats did better than last year, and in Rhode Island alone did they do better than two years ago. In Rhode Island the Republican plurality fell from 14,000 for President McKinley to 6,000 for Governor Gregory. In New Jersey, after a vigorous campaign conducted exclusively upon State issues, the Democrats reduced the Republican plurality from 57,000 to 17,000—but this plurality was three times as great as the Republicans obtained in the last gubernatorial election. In Ohio, where the total vote fell off one-sixth, President McKinley's plurality of 69,000 was succeeded by a plurality of 67,000 for Governor Nash, and this despite the fact that the Democratic candidate for Governor, Colonel Kilbourne, is a man of exceptional intellectual and moral strength, and ran several thousand votes ahead of the rest of his ticket. In Iowa the Democratic defeat was an utter rout. The Republican majority is again about 90,000. Barely two-thirds of the Democrats and Populists who voted for Mr. Bryan came to the polls. In Nebraska Mr. Bryan himself conducted a vigorous campaign to hold the Fusion forces together and recapture the State, but despite his efforts, and despite a slight falling off in the total vote, the Republican plurality was 12,000, or 4,000 more than a year ago.

❀

The Southern State Elections

In Kentucky and Maryland alone did the Democrats make substantial gains, and even in these States they merely recovered ground undisputably theirs before the panic of 1893. In Kentucky the Republican defeat last year disheartened party effort, and the Democrats carried more than two-thirds of the legislative districts, thus insuring the election of a Democrat to succeed United States Senator Devoe. In Maryland also the Democratic success means the election of a Democratic United States Senator to succeed a Republican, but in this case

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Republican who is succeeded is the anti-imperialist Senator Wellington, and his successor is likely to be ex-Senator Gorman, who is practically a Republican upon tariff, currency, and all other economic questions. The Maryland campaign was of peculiar interest and importance, because, as is well known, the Democratic State Convention ignored all National issues and centered the party's campaign upon the further restriction of the right of negroes to share in the choice of public officials. When President Roosevelt invited Mr. Washington to dine with him, the Democratic committee started to flood the State with caricatures depicting the event and asking, "Has it come to this?" These caricatures, indeed, called forth so many protests that their publication was stopped, but to the end of the campaign Mr. Gorman insisted that the only issue was the danger of one negro ruling five white men. The election, he said, must place the State "on one side or the other of the great conflict that has been going on for thirty-two years in this country, whether the white man or the colored man shall rule in the country." To the credit of the State, the appeal was not remarkably successful, and while the Democrats have a small majority in the Legislature, it is chiefly due to the number of "holdover" Democratic Senators elected two years ago. The Democratic plurality for the State ticket is less than a thousand, and even this plurality seems to have been obtained by the throwing out of ballots alleged to be defective, mostly cast by illiterate Republicans. In Virginia Democratic success was a foregone conclusion, but although the party plurality was little greater than last year and much less than four years ago, the apathy of the negroes and the renewal of an overwhelming Democratic majority in the Legislature mean the adoption of radical restrictions upon negro suffrage in the new Constitution. Summing up the results of the election, and making full allowance for the effect of good times, of personal sympathy aroused by the assassination of President McKinley, and other non-political causes, we think it cannot be doubted that the fall elections indicate that, in the opinion of a great majority, the silver question is no longer a living one, and that the international or expansion policy of the Government has by a decided majority the approval of the people.

❀

Ring Rule Overthrown in New York

The most interesting elections, however, and indeed the most important, were not State but municipal. In no part of the country was there such keen interest in the local result as in the result in New York City, and in every other part of the country the event here was received with almost universal enthusiasm—for outside of New York the ascendency of Crokerism in New York is everywhere felt by Democrats to be a party burden. The extent of the anti-Croker victory is everywhere well known, but the figures are so remarkable as to bear repetition. Mr. Low has been elected Mayor by a plurality of 30,000, in a city which last year on National issues gave Mr. Bryan almost exactly the same plurality over President McKinley, and in 1898 on State and local issues gave Judge Van Wyck a plurality of 83,000 over Mr. Roosevelt. In 1894, indeed, there was a similar overturn, but in that year industrial discontent aided moral discontent in driving out the party in power. This year the party in power appealed to the industrial contentment for its own reinstatement, and made "Tammany and Prosperity" one of the watchwords for its East Side campaign. The material forces on its side were stronger than are realized outside of this city, for, in spite of its relative lack of wealthy members (and this is not so great as commonly thought), the Tammany organization commanded almost unlimited campaign funds drawn from public service corporations as well as from its own peculiar "protected industries," and in addition it handled a public pay-roll aggregating nearly $50,000,000—or one thousand dollars apiece for 50,000 employees. The result proves that, instead of these employees influencing "a vote apiece for the administration," the revolt extended to the standing army of the old despotism. The issue was almost solely moral, and the result is the finest possible illustration of the profound truth expressed by President Low the day before the election, when he was charged with opposition to universal suffrage. His words were these: "I rejoice that the issues of this campaign

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are to be decided by all the citizenship of the city. I have always believed in universal suffrage as the greatest force ever set at work in society for the education and uplifting of the masses of men."

❀

The Cause of the Victory

In a very peculiar degree the triumph of the moral issue last week was a triumph for universal suffrage, for the political overturn was not only caused distinctively by the revolt of the Democratic masses against the political machine of their own party, but the revolt was strongest in the poorer districts. In the seven Republican Assembly districts in this borough—the well-to-do residence districts—Mr. Low's plurality was less than one thousand votes greater than the Republican plurality in the same districts a year ago. The gain of 32,000 which gave him a plurality in the borough came from the Democratic strongholds in the working-class districts. In Brooklyn the vote is not tabulated so as to permit comparison by wards, but the return-postal-card vote taken by the Brooklyn "Eagle" before the election, correctly foreshadowing the result, showed that one-tenth of the Republican voters intended to support Mr. Shepard, but that one-third of the Democrats would support Mr. Low. This stampede of Democratic voters was the more remarkable because the Democratic candidate for Mayor was able to lead many Democratic opponents of Crokerism to hope for "reform from within the party," and Mr. Shepard did in fact poll five thousand more votes than the least objectionable and most popular of his associates on the city ticket. Partisan lines were swept away, in spite of Mr. Shepard's appeals to party pride, largely because the heart and conscience of the working people of the city had been appealed to by men whose non-partisanship was not open to question, and who made their appeals to the poor, not as members of a superior class, but as men who respected the intelligence and public spirit of those whom they addressed. These appeals, as every one knows, were made with supreme power by Justice Jerome, who showed himself a democrat of democrats in social spirit as well as in party name, and whose leadership of the Fusion ticket by a plurality of several thousand was perhaps the most inspiring event of the campaign. The encouragement to uprightness and downrightness, regard for principle and disregard for expediency, to be found in Justice Jerome's marvelous victory is supplemented by the discouragement to cringing subserviency to the powers that be found in the ignominious defeat of Mayor Van Wyck in his candidacy for the bench. Both of these men were voted for only in the county of New York—normally Democratic by sixty thousand—yet Mr. Jerome, on the Fusion ticket, was elected by a plurality of sixteen thousand, while Mayor Van Wyck, on the Democratic ticket, was defeated by a plurality of thirty-five thousand.

❀

Ring Rule Sustained in Philadelphia

The rejoicing over the reform victory in New York is in some degree tempered by sorrow over the machine victory in Philadelphia, but there were no losses in Philadelphia to offset any part of the gains in New York. On the contrary, as large a proportion of Philadelphia Republicans voted against the machine ticket as of New York Democrats, and the difference in the result is chiefly due to the fact that Philadelphia is normally Republican by three to one, while New York is normally Democratic by only five to four. In Philadelphia National issues were introduced into the campaign, while in New York they were not. The Philadelphia Fusion managers recognized the party claims of the majority party by putting a Republican at the head of the Fusion ticket, and selecting mainly Republicans for his associates; yet in spite of this the machine was able to appeal effectively to Republican voters to vote for a machine Republican instead of an independent Republican in order to "stand by" the National administration. About one-quarter of the Republicans, however, rejected this appeal and voted the Fusion ticket, while among the Democrats fully five-sixths appear to have voted the Fusion ticket in preference to the "Regular Democratic" ticket named by their own city machine. The Regular Democratic ticket received but 7,000 votes as against 58,000 in the Presidential election last year; the Fusion vote aggregated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

94,000, and the Republican plurality (for the head of the city ticket) was less than 44,000, as against 115,000 a year ago. In the State at large the Fusion gains were even more striking, and the Republican plurality of 288,000 last year was succeeded by one of barely 50,000. Outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg the Fusionists were in the majority. Furthermore, the ballot reform amendments to the Constitution introduced into the Legislature by Secretary Woodruff, of the Municipal League, and carried in spite of Governor Stone's veto, were adopted by the voters by a substantial majority. The way is now clear for personal registration and secret ballot laws, by which the machine may be shorn of its power to carry elections by voting fictitious names on the registration lists and sending party workers into the polling-booths with the men they have bribed. In spite of the activity of the Fusionists this year to prevent fraud of this sort, it is charged that more than ten thousand fraudulent votes were counted for the machine ticket. The reformers even in Philadelphia have reason for fresh courage.

❀

Independent Voting Elsewhere

There were two other cities in which the independent vote was so great as to deserve National attention. One of them was Cleveland, O., where the Democratic legislative ticket triumphed by a majority of several thousand, though Governor Nash carried the city. The result here was largely due to the work of the Municipal Association, of which a majority of the officers—with Henry R. Garfield at their head—are Republicans in National politics, but indorse Mayor Johnson's demand for the taxation of franchises at the same rate as other property, and insist upon the selection of all local candidates according to their personal fitness for the local duties to be discharged. Before elections this Association issues a bulletin giving the record of the candidates before the public, and making recommendations where the nominees on either ticket are particularly fit or particularly unfit for the places to be filled. This work is performed so impartially as to carry weight with public-spirited voters in both parties. This year the Association recommended most of the Democratic candidates for the Legislature and for County Commissioner, while recommending a Republican candidate for Common Pleas Judge. The Republican Judge was elected, while his associates on the local ticket, who were opposed by the Municipal Association, were defeated by majorities running as high as ten thousand. The practicability of such discriminating work has previously been demonstrated in a brilliant way by the Municipal Voters' League in Chicago, and ought to awaken similar effort in other cities. The success in Cleveland was especially noteworthy because the election of United States Senators by the Legislature to be chosen made non-partisan voting extremely difficult. The direct election of United States Senators would remove this obstacle to State reforms. The other city in which the independent voting was particularly noteworthy was San Francisco, where the trades-union candidate for Mayor ran ahead of either of the regular party candidates and was elected by a substantial plurality. The Mayor-elect is a member of the Musicians' Union, but owes his election to the fact that, as a successful employer of machinists, he at once granted the demand for a shorter day made by the machinists' unions all over the country last spring. His election is partly due to the bitterness of class feeling aroused by the recent dock laborers' strike. It is the more remarkable because labor candidates and labor issues have distinctly lost in popularity during the past two years all over the English-speaking world.

❀

Presidential Foreshadowings

We do not put much confidence in newspaper rumors of the intentions of the President of the United States. Nevertheless, from such reports, coupled with what is known of the President's avowed principles and public acts, some foreshadowings of his course as President are possible. He has appointed to the United States Civil Service Board William Dudley Foulke, who is perhaps the most distinguished living advocate of the examination system for securing a competent civil service, unless it be the President himself. At the same time the President

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is reported to be in frequent consultation with leading Senators respecting certain important appointments in their respective States; yet he has distinctly, by his acts, refused to be governed in his appointments in Delaware by the desires of a would-be Senator who is in control of the Republican machine in that State. Combining these facts, it is reasonable to deduce the conclusions: (1) that minor appointments under his Administration will be made in accordance with the principles of Civil Service Reform, and will be controlled by the merits of the candidates as determined by official examination or by efficient conduct in office; (2) that he will consult with Senators respecting appointment to those positions of prominence which are quasi-political in their character, and which for this or for other reasons cannot be determined by examination or filled by promotion; (3) that he will not relinquish appointment to these or to any office to Senators or Representatives, but will keep the power of appointment in his own hands. Perhaps with us the wish is father to the thought, and we attribute this method to the President because we think it is the right one. The Constitution makes the Senate share in the responsibility for appointments to office with the President, and the President will carry out the spirit of that provision best by consulting with Senators before he makes the appointments, rather than by either leaving the initiative with the Senators and simply ratifying their nominations, or by making the nominations without previous conference with the Senators and leaving such nominations to be subjects, as they too often have been, of factional fights within that body. The newspapers also report that in his forthcoming Message to Congress the President will take strong grounds in favor of legislation respecting trusts. We shall not venture to forecast the President's Message, and we do not believe that any journalist has authority so to do. But his public utterances, in his message to the New York Legislature, in his letter of acceptance, in his speech at Minneapolis last September, and on other occasions, make it perfectly clear that he is, on the one hand, opposed to any drastic legislation for the purpose of preventing freedom of combination, and, on the other, that he is in favor of holding corporations and combinations of corporations to a rigid financial accountability, of requiring them to make public the facts respecting their financial position upon which the interest and action of investors must depend, and that for this double purpose he is in favor of bringing them and keeping them under such governmental supervision and control as the public interest demands. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he may in his forthcoming Message give renewed expression to these principles.

❀

The Pension Report Commissioner Evans's annual report, just published, shows again a net increase in the number of pensions paid by the United States, and thus the high-water mark (at least for a year) of our pension roll is reached thirty-six years after the close of the Civil War. The net increase of pensioners during the year ending June 30 last is 4,206, and of this number 4,035 names have been added on account of the war with Spain and in the Philippines. Among the items in the report which have a certain curious interest are those showing that there are still on the roll nine pensioners of the Revolution, 1,528 of the War of 1812, and over 15,000 of the Mexican War; of the Revolutionary pensioners four are widows and five daughters of soldiers, while for the War of 1812 one solitary soldier survives, at the age of one hundred and one. The Pension Department figures, on the laws of averages for life, that there should be now living about nine hundred and sixty-five thousand survivors of the Civil War; if this is correct, there are still about two hundred thousand who have not received pensions. Commissioner Evans makes several comments on the desirability of changes in the law. He repeats his previous recommendation that the law be repealed which makes the pension of a widow begin at the date of the husband's death instead of at the date of filing an application; this repeal is advocated because large arrearages make a motive for filing fraudulent claims. Other recommendations call for greater scrutiny into the character of attorneys practicing before the Bureau, closer examination of evidence laid before the Bureau, and, finally and most im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portant, a new method of adjudicating claims, such as to require the Government officers to cross-examine witnesses and not to accept *ex parte* testimony without scrutiny. Commissioner Evans fully recognizes the principle that the detection of fraud and the rejection of unjust claims must be approved by all who have a rightful claim to pensions, and that, in point of fact, the honest pensioner is the one who is most injured by lax methods of adjudicating pension claims. We heartily agree with this sententious statement: "The generosity of the American people to the soldiers and sailors and their dependents knows no limit, but the officers of the Government, the people's servants, should not permit that generosity to be abused."

❀

The Philippines The Philippine Commission has adopted the act against treason and sedition, which prescribes the death penalty for all persons who, having recognized the authority of the United States, give aid and comfort to the insurgents, while lesser penalties are provided for seditious speech or writing and for technical violations of the oath of allegiance. A full analysis of this law has not been published in this country. In its absence we can only say that criticism of the law based on *a priori* ideas as to freedom of speech will not be very effective; freedom of speech has its limitations even in this country, as we are painfully learning, and in a country just emerging from war added to semi-barbarism still more definite limitations must be recognized. Apart from this act of the Commission, the most notable recent event in the Philippines has been the convention of the Federal party held in Manila, to which delegates came representing, according to press despatches, 300,000 members of the party. Among the delegates were the two native members of the Philippine Commission and three judges of the Supreme Court. The outcome of the convention was a petition to Congress. The petition asks that the archipelago be constituted a regular Territory of the United States, with a Governor appointed by the President. The petition further suggests that two Houses of Legislature be established, the Senate to consist of thirty members, sixteen of whom shall be elected and the other fourteen appointed by the Governor from the judicial districts. It is also suggested that the American Congress authorize the Governor of the Philippines to issue a loan of $100,000,000 in fifty-year three per cent. bonds. An attempt to include in the petition a request for the immediate suppression of all religious communities and of general amnesty for all political offenders failed after a stormy debate. It is clear that the question of permanent civil government is already interesting the political leaders among the native population—which is altogether a healthy sign. But the American people will wait for the judgment of the Taft Commission before seriously discussing what that permanent government should be.

❀

Conditions in Cuba Mr. Dawley's discouraging view of Havana after three years, contained in his article in this issue, needs to be accompanied with some explanation. The economic difficulties which Mr. Dawley so graphically describes are necessarily incidental to a period of transition. No community, after a false system has oppressed it for centuries, can expect to emerge instantly into a period of prosperity when by a sudden revolution that system has been thrown off. Capital is always timid. It will not go into Cuba until a government has been organized and has proved that it possesses some degree of stability. The United States cannot enter into treaties of reciprocity with Cuba until such a government exists which is capable of entering into binding obligations on behalf of the people. A period of provisional government is almost necessarily a period of industrial stagnation, and this period will continue in Cuba until there is some reasonable assurance either that Cuba will come into closer relations with the United States, such as will insure it a stable and adequate government, or until it has proved itself able to establish and maintain such a government. Meanwhile, it is much to have secured clean streets, sanitary conditions, and some approximation to just laws. The political problem must be solved before the economic problem can be well considered, and if General Wood is right—and we have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no doubt he is—in saying that "we have the political situation well in hand," the time when the economic question will not continue to worry the people is not very far distant. But it is very certain that the Cubans cannot hope for commercial prosperity until they have secured a just, adequate, and stable government.

❀

Concerning Sunday Liquor-Selling

Mr. Jerome's public demand for a change in the liquor laws of this State so as to legalize, under restrictions, Sunday sellings in the great cities, or at least in New York City, has evoked from a number of leading men an expression of opinion in interviews and letters on this subject. The best group of these opinions we find in the New York "Herald." Senator Platt refuses to express any opinion on the subject; State Senator Stranahan thinks that some modification of the existing excise law is necessary, but waits for an official expression of opinion from the Mayor-elect. Jacob A. Cantor, President of the Borough of Manhattan, favors a bill for Sunday opening in certain carefully defined hours. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Dr. D. Parker Morgan, and Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis incline to the opinion that some limited opening on Sunday would involve less evils than are involved under the present law. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, Dr. George C. Houghton, and Dr. David Gregg oppose any opening of the saloons; and Dr. David H. Greer, Dr. H. P. Dewey, and Dr. S. D. McConnell are studying the subject and not yet prepared to express a positive opinion. The sum total of these interviews indicates a very decided growth of sentiment in the city of New York in favor of some material modification in the present law or in the method of its enforcement, so as to allow some quasi-Sunday selling of alcoholic beverages. We repeat in this connection what we have urged in the past: the extension of the local option principle to cities, so that each ward or each election district could vote, as the rural districts now are permitted to vote, on the question whether there shall be any sale of liquor or not, and, further, so that the cities of the larger size could vote similarly by wards or election districts on the question whether they would have any Sunday selling. This method appears to us to have five distinct advantages: (1) it would allow Sunday selling only where locally demanded; (2) it would make it possible for any local community to close the saloon where no saloon is demanded; (3) it would not really extend Sunday selling, because Sunday selling is now permitted by hotels, and saloons which wish to sell on Sunday take out a hotel license; (4) it would meet the demand of one class for their beverages on Sunday without making another class responsible for the real or imaginary evils resulting therefrom; (5) it would involve the abolition of the Raines-law hotels, which by universal testimony are nurseries of every kind of vice if not of crime.

❀

The Franco-Turkish Dispute

The Franco-Turkish dispute, apparently settled last week, arose because the Sultan of Turkey refused to fulfill his written promises published in connection with certain quay concessions to Frenchmen in Constantinople. After long diplomatic wrangles, M. Constans, French Ambassador, was compelled to leave the Ottoman capital as a sign of his Government's earnest displeasure. France then demanded satisfaction, not only in the matter of the quays, but also regarding rights defined in various capitulations and treaties which had not been respected by Turkey. Two months passed by, and, the latter Power's attitude continuing characteristically contemptuous, France threatened to send a squadron to the Ægean Islands. Finally a fleet consisting of two battle-ships, three cruisers, and two torpedo-boat destroyers was ordered to Turkish waters. The Sultan's reply was to mobilize his army. Last week the squadron arrived at the port of Midilli, on the island of Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos. Admiral Caillard, commanding two thousand men, seized the customs of the island's ports, whereupon the Sultan agreed to all the French Government's claims. Only questions of form regarding the execution of the engagements now remain to be settled. These engagements are as follows: The Sultan authorizes (1) the administrations of the French schools in Turkey, hitherto unrecognized;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(2) the existence of religious and hospitable institutions already founded, giving to them customs-immunity and exemption from certain taxes; (3) the reconstruction of churches, schools, and hospitals destroyed at the time of the Armenian massacres; (4) the recognition of the Chaldean patriarch, the head of the Asia Minor Christians who acknowledge the papal supremacy. The French Government announces that, as soon as the Sultan has issued an *irade* (an Imperial decree) ratifying these decisions, the squadron will leave Mitylene. The French showed astuteness regarding the door by which they entered Turkey. To have seized the important ports of Salonika, Smyrna, or Beirût might have led to a conflict with the Turkish army already mobilized. Apparently the Sultan did not really expect the seizure of one of his Ægean Islands. Mitylene lies half-way between Smyrna and the entrance to the Dardanelles; its seizure was thus of strategic significance. Taking Turkey by the throat is an argument immediately understood by the Turkish ruler. Last week's action not only immensely aids France's prestige; it also appropriately follows England's action in Nicaragua and Germany's in Hayti, making an end of the old tradition that the sheriff never enters a man's house.

❀

Li-Hung-Chang Last week the courtyard of a great palace in Peking was filled with life-sized paper horses and chairs with coolie bearers, which, according to Chinese custom, had been sent by a dying man's friends in order to carry his soul to heaven. The burning of these chairs and paper horses announced to Peking that Prince Li-Hung-Chang had breathed his last. Such observers as Grant, Gordon, and Bismarck have testified that Li Hung-Chang was a man of exceptional greatness. He introduced China to the world and the world to China. Yet he always observed with scruple every custom of his country. His dress, coiffure, and mode of life were punctiliously Chinese; he even carried with him wherever he went a lacquered teakwood coffin, which has now at last found its use. As a boy, Li went through the Chinese schools in brilliant fashion, and emerged from his final examinations in Peking with a doctor's degree and a mandarin's button. He settled down to a literary and bureaucratic life until the time of the Taiping Rebellion, when he placed himself at the Government's orders. So good a soldier did he show himself that he was advanced by rapid stages to a commander's position, his division being the only one which seemed to gain victories. He was made Army Commander of the Province of Kiangsu, the seat of the rebellion. In this capacity, remembering the conduct of British soldiers in 1860 at Peking, he called General Gordon to his assistance, in order that he might introduce European ideas and methods into the Chinese army. The reorganized army swept all before it, capturing Suchau and then advancing northward to Nanking, which it made a heap of ruins (1863). The end of the rebellion, however, was marred by Li's treachery and cruelty. Although he had pledged security to the leaders of the rebellion, he ruthlessly slaughtered them. This action called out Gordon's fierce opposition, but the Emperor rewarded Li by ennobling him and conferring upon him the viceroyship of Kiangsu. At a later period Li crushed another but not so important a rebellion, for which he received the viceroyship of two provinces, Honan and Hupe. In 1870 he suppressed a third rebellion, in the northwestern province of Kansu. Nothing but the viceroyship of the metropolitan province of Chili would now satisfy him. Twenty years ago he was made Grand Secretary of State. He was now regarded by outsiders as the virtual head of the Empire. For years he seemed to control Chinese foreign and domestic affairs.

❀

Li's Later Years His home at this time was in Tientsin, in order to be free from the intrigues and conventionalities of Peking. He found time and made opportunity to reorganize the army and navy on European models; he improved the school system; he introduced telegraphs, railways, and modern mining. In 1885 came the war with France. Li had told the Chinese frankly that France was too powerful to be opposed, but the man-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

darins were all for war. The result was a loss to China both in territory and prestige. Ten years later the war with Japan was undertaken against Li's earnest protest. Despite his reforms, he knew that Chinese administration and Chinese defensive systems were alike decayed. When the Chinese were overcome, the nation ungratefully turned against him, and he was even accused of being in Japan's pay. The Emperor was prevailed upon to deprive him of his peacock feather and yellow jacket. Li was removed from his great positions of trust. This change only made matters worse, and he was recalled, with commissions to negotiate a peace treaty with Japan. The treaty of Shimonoseki was the result; and that was followed by another outburst of indignation in China. He was again degraded and again recalled, but he had become so unpopular that the Emperor and the usurping Empress Dowager were glad to send him on a journey round the world, an excuse being found in the necessity of having a distinguished representative at the Czar's coronation. Returning from Russia, Li visited the United States and attracted considerable attention by his invariable questions of "How old are you?" and "How rich are you?" He himself had amassed a great fortune at the public expense, and yet, so far from finding fault with him because of it, his countrymen had even made it a matter of emulation. Under an appearance of great ingenuousness, Li asked many intimate and apparently impudent questions. He seemed to think that an excuse for these would be found in the fact that he was unused to Occidental etiquette. When he returned to his country it was seen that he had become pro-Russian; the conventions by which Russia now controls Manchuria may be laid to his account. Whatever Li's splendid services may have been in the past, his countrymen cannot forget that during the last five years of his life he was identified with secret measures and events which really put China's throne in peril. Yet he was still trusted by the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, the latter of whom had become all-powerful. A year ago last August the Emperor issued an edict conferring upon Li absolute and unconditional authority to negotiate with the Powers for peace and for the settlement of all questions growing out of the Boxer rebellion. In this capacity Li showed himself still a wily opportunist, one determined to "stand in" with both sides. Thus ends a singularly picturesque career, one which has brought not a little benefit to China—and lasting benefit to Russia.

❀

The Pan-American Congress Last week's sessions of the Pan-American Congress at the City of Mexico were notable because of proposals for arbitration, for an international court, and for sanitary regulations. It is to be regretted that, when Russia asked the various Governments to meet at The Hague to agree upon measures of arbitration and the establishment of an international tribunal, she omitted invitations to the Central and South American Republics. The United States Commissioners, however, did not fail to remember that, save the Mexican delegates, they were the sole representatives from this hemisphere. Hence special efforts were made by them to safeguard Central and South American interests. The scheme of arbitration laid before the Pan-American Congress last week reproduces almost literally the text of the Hague Convention No. 1 (on arbitration), with the exception of Articles 16 and 17. The latter of these articles refers to disputes *already existing*, or to those which may hereafter arise. It is believed that the omission of this article is due to the strenuousness of the Chilian delegates, who do not wish to refer to arbitration their present border controversy with Peru. There were two schemes for an international court, both of which provide that the nations shall agree to submit to it all questions either between Governments of any of the participating Powers or between their citizens. The first and more radical of the two proposals makes reference to the court obligatory after all legal resources have been exhausted. Four months after the exchange of ratifications of the general treaty or convention, each signatory Power shall appoint three jurists learned in international law. Each nation interested in any particular controversy shall appoint one of the jurists on the list, and both together shall appoint a third as umpire, provided that such persons shall

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not be citizens of either of the countries interested. If two nations cannot agree on the referee, he shall be appointed by a third Power not interested in the controversy. The provisions of the second proposal are more comprehensive than are those of the former, and are based on the tentative Olney-Pauncefote Treaty of 1897, with modifications suggested by the objections made in the United States Senate to the plan. The chief feature of the excellent proposal for sanitary regulations abolishes maritime and inland quarantine, substituting therefor a system of observation aboard vessels and on trains to isolate infected persons or goods without delaying a vessel over forty-eight hours or a train over four hours.

❀

The Trans-Siberian Railway

Last week the last rail was laid of the Trans-Siberian railway as at present constituted. The ribbon of iron connecting St. Petersburg on the Atlantic side with Vladivostok, a Siberian port on the Pacific, is now complete, except for a sixty-mile stretch across Lake Baikal. At present this stretch is covered by great steamers, and in winter by ice-breaking machines accommodating whole trains. The Russian Government is building the railway around the lake. The Trans-Siberian road, with its branches, is nearly six thousand miles in length; it has been largely constructed by American engineers and with American material; its equipment in locomotives and cars is almost wholly of American manufacture. Its building has actually been completed in ten years—the same time taken to create the Canadian Pacific, a line twenty-three hundred miles long. The cost of construction will amount to between three hundred million and four hundred million dollars. This vast expenditure, however, has already been justified in the road's value to population, trade, and military defense. Nearly a million Russians are seeking new homes in Siberia, relieving overcrowded sections and pioneering a land the wealth of which is still inadequately realized. The road's eastern section has already become overburdened with freight; it can no longer handle the agricultural and mining goods delivered; other means are necessary to relieve traffic; and hence last month the Government approved a plan for a new road from Moscow to the East via Kasan. Russian expansionists are sure that the military worth of the road will prove as great as are the other values, especially in view of the Manchurian situation. Hitherto the journey from Moscow to Vladivostok has required forty days, the shortest way being via Odessa and the Suez Canal, the cost being $320 first class. Now that the Siberian road is completed, only a quarter of that time is required to transport passengers or soldiers from Moscow to Vladivostok, and the cost is reduced by two-thirds. The western section's worth is now increased many fold by an event occurring four years after the road was begun—the Japanese war. Following it, Russia obtained from China, as reward for services rendered in preserving the Liaotung Peninsula, a lease of ports on that peninsula, and the right to construct a railway to them through Manchuria. This road leaves the trunk line at a point due north of Peking, and runs southeast to Port Arthur. Measured either to Vladivostok or to Port Arthur, the actual length of uninterrupted railway communication from west to east under Russian control will exceed one-fourth of the equatorial circumference of the globe.

❀

Bishops Moule and Gore

As successor to the lamented Bishop Westcott, of Durham, Lord Salisbury recently recommended the Rev. Dr. Handley Carr Glyn Moule, Professor of Divinity at the University of Cambridge. The Premier's recommendation is equivalent to an appointment, as the royal confirmation is prearranged. Dr. Moule is well known as a typical Evangelical Churchman. He is the author of valuable commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians in the "Cambridge Bible," and on Romans in the "Expositor's Bible." His appointment has been welcomed by Broad Churchmen everywhere, as an evidence that Bishop Westcott's administration and influence will be continued in the episcopal bench. Another and perhaps more notable appointment also reflects great credit on the Prime Minister—that of the Rev. Dr. Charles Gore, Canon of Westminster,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the See of Worcester. Canon Gore is generally thought to be the most intellectual of English preachers. He is well known as being the editor of that famous volume "Lux Mundi," and as the author of the chapter in it on "The Holy Spirit." His books have obtained deserved recognition everywhere, particularly his volume of "Bampton Lectures" published ten years ago; other noteworthy books by him are on "The Church and the Ministry," "Roman Catholic Claims," "Leo the Great," and "Commentaries on the Ephesians and on the Romans." He also edited the late George John Romanes's "Thoughts on Religion." If the new Bishop of Durham is a typical Evangelical, Lord Salisbury's nominee to the See of Worcester is a High Churchman of the best stamp. Controversial Protestants have described him as a sacerdotalist, and are already upbraiding Lord Salisbury for appointing such a one to preferment, but Canon Gore's beauty of mind and strong spirituality have ever been recognized by all fair-minded hearers and readers. He is regarded as one who assimilates Hegelianism with High Church principles, and as being perhaps the best living representative of the philosophy of Thomas Hill Green, who has been called the one original thinker produced by Oxford in the present generation. Unlike most High Churchmen, Dr. Gore is in politics a Liberal. Only a few days previous to his appointment he had written to the London "Times" a letter vigorously condemning the concentration camps in South Africa. Despite this, the Minister upon whom ultimately the blame must fall has advanced not only a political opponent, but one whom Governmental organs dub a pro-Boer. A curious feature of Dr. Gore's criticism is the fact that Canon Knox-Little, of Worcester, replied to the "Times" letter, bitterly abusing its writer, and intimating that he was both threatened with insanity and almost guilty of treason. The Worcester Canon now comes under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the one he thus stigmatized.

❀

Recent Deaths Last week two women passed away who have advanced popular comprehension of art. Music is the gainer because Mrs. Georg Henschel (Lillian Bailey) sang. She was a Viardot pupil; her voice was not of great strength or of remarkable beauty, but from her comprehensive intelligence and acute sympathy her singing always had notable artistic value. She introduced Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Grieg, and other song-writers to new hearers. Ballad-music henceforth took on new meaning. The Henschel concerts have been educational in the best sense of the word; their programmes have been models of intelligent choice. The concerts were peculiarly enjoyable also because audiences recognized in the working together of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel one of those rare unions, like that of the Brownings, which pointed to a lofty art-ideal.——By the death of Miss Kate Greenaway the world of illustrators is made appreciably smaller. Miss Greenaway was a graduate of South Kensington. She began designing from plates in old books of costumes, until she evolved those delightful child-types which have made her name a household word. Of these Mr. Austin Dobson wrote:

"Mine be a cot," for the hours of play,
Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway;
Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills.

Her first exhibition picture was a tiny one, but it brought her immediately many orders. Later she published her first picture-book, "Under the Window." This was succeeded among others by those charming volumes, "A Marigold Garden," "The Language of Flowers," "A Day in a Child's Life," and "The Kate Greenaway Alphabet." They materially raised the standard of illustration, particularly in outline work, which was Miss Greenaway's specialty. Her paintings were well thought of by no less a critic than John Ruskin. He owned several, and was wont to use them as illustrations of modern drawing when delivering his lectures in the Slade Professorship of Art at Oxford.——The third notable death during the past week was that of the Rev. Dr. Kinsley Twining, until recently literary editor of the New York "Independent." Dr. Twining was in his seventieth year. He was graduated from Yale in the fa. us class of 1853. For thirty years thereafter he was settled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over Congregational churches in Hinsdale and Cambridge, Mass., and Providence, R. I. A ripe student both in theology and literature, Dr. Twining was one of those men who exert a National influence without being Nationally known. His literary and critical work was characterized by broad sympathies and keen discernment, and his personal charm will be an abiding presence with those who knew him.

❀

The Revolution in New York City

How radical a revolution is indicated by a contrast between the statement of Mr. Croker, who was the real Mayor for the last four years, and Mr. Low, who will be the real Mayor for the next two years:

MR. CROKER	MR. LOW
Working for my own pocket? Yes. All the time, every day in the week, same as you are.	I am pledged to consider the interests of the people and the city alone. As I have so often said, I accepted the nomination and have made the fight on the condition that I was working in the interest of no party, person, or clique.

Mr. Croker's statement is not found in an unauthenticated interview; it was made under oath, in a public examination, and was illustrated by specific accounts of the method by which he used political power for his own pocket. Mr. Low's statement is not an ante-election pledge; it was made after the election, as an enunciation of the principle by which he expects to be governed in the administration of his office, and was emphasized by the further declaration that all appointments would be made by the heads of the several departments, and that it would be useless to apply to him for office. The change accomplished in the city of New York by the election of last Tuesday is from an administration conducted avowedly for the pecuniary interest of the administrators, to one conducted in the interest neither of individuals nor of political parties, but solely for the benefit of the people of the city. No revolution could well be more radical. We analyze elsewhere in this issue the vote, and report in some detail the results; here we simply attempt to set in order the moral meaning of this revolution for the benefit of other communities, whether in city, town, or village.

Under a democracy every locality has just as good a government as it deserves. If it is corrupt, the honest people can change it whenever they will. Human nature is not totally depraved; it does not love darkness better than light, nor evil better than righteousness. The forces of vice are never a match for the forces of purity, if the latter can be martialed and inspired to the battle. The greatest of all forces in society is the force of conscience—if it is once aroused. No combination of greed and licentiousness can withstand it. The appeal which stirred New York to unwonted life was not the appeal for lower taxes, cleaner streets, or better transportation; these were merely subsidiary considerations: it was the appeal against a wicked government, which protected crime and promoted vice, which debauched men and dishonored women; it was the appeal against the apathy which looked on in cynical hopelessness of making any change, and the still greater apathy which did not look on at all but remained in cheerful ignorance. New York City has rarely if ever heard from platform, press, or pulpit such conscience-searching speeches as those of Mr. Jerome; he was like an Amos risen from the dead to fasten upon a careless people a sense of their sin and shame. He awakened the conscience of Fifth Avenue; he inspired the East Side with courage. Other speakers on the same side knew the situation in detail less than he, were less dramatic, impassioned, eager; but the note throughout the battle was the same. After the first week it was in every borough and on every platform a battle for public decency, righteousness, and honor.

Coupled with this clear perception and impassioned feeling of the moral issue was a readiness to suffer sacrifice for it. The two most prominent figures in the campaign were Seth Low and William Travers Jerome. Mr. Low left a position of great dignity and comparative comfort, in which his hardest labor had been done and he might well have thought himself entitled to enjoy in congenial work the peaceful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

atmosphere of a great university which he had done so much to create, and entered upon a campaign in which personally he had nothing to gain and everything to lose, in which defeat would mean at least temporary retirement from prominent activity, and success would mean the disagreeable task of cleansing an Augean stable of accumulated and indescribable filth. Mr. Jerome had before turned aside from the paths of pleasure and of professional preferment, both of which lay invitingly open before him, to direct his energies to the cause of the poor and oppressed, and he entered on this battle when no one anticipated success for him and he did not anticipate success for himself. These two men furnished more prominent, but not more real, examples of self-sacrifice than were furnished by many less widely known. Who outside of New York, or within it either, knows what this achievement has cost, not in a brief battle of six weeks, but in the long and unrecognized labor of years, to such men as Robert Fulton Cutting, of the Citizens' Union, Willis L. Ogden, of the Committee of One Hundred in Brooklyn, and James B. Reynolds, of the College Settlement—men who have given themselves for years to unappreciated and apparently hopeless labors for a better civic life, often with uncongenial associates—for reform politics also makes strange bedfellows? We recall, as we write, one young man who as poll clerk labored on election day for seventeen hours, and whose unrequited labor kept the returns in one polling district straight; another who, as watcher, worked from six o'clock in the morning till nine at night in a vicious atmosphere which sent him home sick when his work was over; a third who gave up his summer vacation altogether that he might make preparations for the anticipated battle. None of these men—and they are types of hundreds—wanted office for themselves or for their friends. They only wanted a clean city for themselves and for their fellow-citizens. Such a victory is not won without great cost; but no cost is too great to pay for it.

Goodness without self-sacrifice is not virtue; it is like salt that has lost its savor—"it is neither fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill, but men cast it out." When this spirit of self-sacrifice exists, and men are willing to sacrifice their own apparent welfare to secure the real welfare of their fellow-men, they are generally ready to sacrifice their party affiliations and their social prejudices. The change in the election laws of the State, made for the purpose of bringing the municipal election on an "off year," has made it easier for men of all parties and of no party to unite in securing an honest municipal government. It was because men were willing to do this that honesty won in New York; it was because they were not willing to do this that dishonesty won in Philadelphia. The men in Philadelphia who are responsible for the continuance of a corrupt government in that city are the honest men who voted a dishonest ticket because it was "regular." The men who have the honor of initiating an honest government in New York City are the men who voted a fusion ticket because it was honest. New York City has demonstrated that it is possible to conduct a municipal election upon municipal issues, and in such an election to ignore State and National issues. The contrast between the results in New York and Philadelphia has demonstrated that this is the only way to secure honest municipal government. The methods of bringing about such a union are diverse: all good citizens may unite in a wholly non-partisan ticket, as is frequently done in school and village elections; or men of different parties may unite in a fusion ticket on which representatives of different political organizations are placed, as was done in New York City; or an independent organization may make a white list out of the several tickets in the field, as was done in Cleveland, O., and enough independents may be found in both parties to secure the election of the white list; but in one of these ways, or some other, the good men and true must unite to elect good men and true. Whenever honest men agree to put honesty above party, they can secure honesty in the result.

But in municipal elections not only political prejudices but social distastes must also be overcome. So long as political lines are coterminous with social lines, the so-called "best society" will always be beaten in a general election. For the true "best society" is to be found neither

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among the Pharisees nor among the publicans and sinners, but among the plain people of all social ranks and orders. It is a common blunder, but an egregious one, to imagine that virtue is to be assumed in the brownstone front and vice in the tenement-house. Mr. Jerome has rendered no greater service in this battle than by attacking this pleasing delusion where it is entertained, namely, in the brownstone-front districts. Virtue has a more difficult climate in the tenement district, and therefore, if it survives, is all the hardier for its surroundings. This campaign has demonstrated that all districts are "doubtful." Wards which ten years ago were surrendered to Tammany as its territory are the wards in which the greatest gains have been made for honest government. We believe that Mr. Low by his invasion of the East Side four years ago was the first to disregard the tradition that there are some districts which it is not worth while to contest; Mr. Jerome in this campaign has demonstrated that Mr. Low was right and the tradition was wrong. The principle is one of very wide application. Twenty-odd years ago The Outlook (then The Christian Union) declared that the Republican party was recreant to its duty in not sending some of its best speakers into the Southern States. It will be doubly recreant if it fails to learn the lesson which this municipal campaign teaches, namely, that the reason and the conscience are characteristic of universal human nature, and the appeal to them is never wholly in vain.

But not only must the political reformer be willing to co-operate with men of different political affiliations and of different social standing, he must also be willing to labor with men of different ethical standards. The virtue which is too virtuous to associate with men of lower moral ideals is more Pharisaical than Christian. Doubtless some good men voted and worked for the Tammany ticket in the hope that Tammany could be put in power first and be reformed afterward—a curious notion for a sane man to entertain, but one that was entertained by a good many sane men. Doubtless some self-seekers voted and worked for the Fusion ticket in the expectation that its victory would bring them spoils, and have read with incredulous anger the statement of Mr. Low respecting appointments to office. It sometimes seems as though it would be a great gain if all good men would unite on one ticket in local elections. But would it be so great an advantage as we imagine? If all the good men were in one party, all the bad men would be in the other. The time for the separation of the sheep and the goats has not yet come; and it is better for the moral life of the community that the better and the worse should meet and know one another; it raises the moral standards of the worse and broadens the human sympathies of the better. The principles which should govern in political associations are very simple in statement though sometimes difficult of application: first, always welcome the co-operation of any man, whatever his imagined motives, who will co-operate with you to the desired result; second, never sacrifice a moral principle and never refuse to sacrifice an idolized method in working to secure that result. The idealists never could have carried New York; it has been carried by a combination of men not only of different political parties and different social sets, but also of different moral ideals: they were agreed only in thinking that Crokerism was intolerable, and in a determination to put an end to it.

The election in New York City should act as a moral tonic throughout the country. It shows what is possible in any local community. Nowhere are the conditions more difficult to overcome than they were in New York City. Tammany is the best-organized political machine in the country; its head was and is a man of great force and no scruples; its principle nominee was a man of irreproachable character and high ideals; his speeches were intended by him and were taken by many of his auditors to represent the administration which he wished to give the city had he been elected, and that he would have been powerless to carry out his ideals neither he nor they understood; a great body of office-holders, many of them receiving salaries and doing little or no work, were compacted together to keep place and power; they were reinforced by practically all the vicious elements in the city, and the city, standing at the gateway of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the country, is the Corinth of America, where personal self-indulgence and commercial corruption are seen at their worst; corporations dependent on municipal favor for their opportunities to make out of the public extravagant profits lent their aid quietly but efficiently to the cause of municipal corruption; and great sums of money were freely expended on election day in purchasing all purchasable voters. All was in vain. The result of the election has demonstrated the truth that there is no community in which honesty and honor are not stronger than vice and corruption. But it has also demonstrated the truth that to win victory the moral issue must be clearly and courageously presented, by men who are willing to attest their devotion to principle by self-sacrifice, and who in the campaign for honesty and honor are willing to disregard political affiliations, social predilections, and personal notions, and labor with all sorts and conditions of men for a common result. In such case no change in suffrage, in the manner of voting, or in the method of organization, is essential. Nothing is essential but unanimity of aim with diversity of method, and earnestness of spirit with unselfishness of purpose.

❀

Simple, Direct, and Telling

There is no mystery about Justice Jerome's success in the late campaign in this city. It is due, as was the success of President Cleveland and later of President Roosevelt, not to political combinations, to minute organization of friends and followers, to a study of public opinion, or to the endeavor to sail with the wind, but to straightforward, outspoken frankness of speech, and confidence in the people to do the right thing when they knew it. The kind of politician who is always flattering the people is the very man who distrusts them, who believes that the only way to secure his ends is by an elaborate machinery; a real man in politics is never, and cannot in the nature of things become, a machine man. There is nothing complicated about public life; it is as simple as private life. There are not two different kinds of morality, one for public and one for private life. A man succeeds in public life precisely as he succeeds in private life, by being honest, truthful, direct, and courageous. All the recent conspicuous successes in public life have been of this character; all the interesting men in public life are of this kind; for there is no man so utterly dreary as the platitudinous politician who schemes and plans and devises and wearies the ear and sickens the heart of the country by the old political jargon which means nothing in the hands of either party but a concealment of intentions behind verbosity and vacuity. The recent victory in New York affords a striking illustration of this truth that reality is the secret of political success.

There have been constant outbreaks against Tammany, and recurring attacks for years, many of them very successful, but in the campaign which closed last week the first gun was fired by Bishop Potter when he took up the case of the Rev. Mr. Paddock, presented it to the public, and laid it before the Mayor in a concrete and telling form. New York was already accustomed to general statements with regard to the iniquity of Tammany, and was paying very little attention to them; but when Bishop Potter, who is not only one of the foremost citizens of New York, but one who tempers courage with judgment and the spirit of a reformer with the wisdom of a man of affairs, threw on the canvas a perfectly distinct picture of the iniquities which were being perpetrated with the connivance and under the protection of the Tammany rulers of the city, he arrested attention and prepared the way for the downfall of Tammany Hall. It was well known at the time that Mr. Croker was seriously disturbed by the Bishop's revelations, and that attempts were made to divert the attention of the gentlemen who were interested and to silence them by apparently taking their points of view. Bishop Potter, however, was not to be hoodwinked. He completed his work, which was simple, direct, and telling; and he laid the foundation for the larger work which has overthrown Tammany Hall.

Justice Jerome's work illustrates the same principle, and he himself capitally interpreted it in the little speech made to the Hotchkiss Boys' School near his country home at Lakewood, Conn., immediately after the election. This speech was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a capital piece of straight talk, the gist of which ought to be repeated in some form in every boys' school in the United States. The substance of that address is found in a few words; and in those few words are to be found also the secret of Justice Jerome's success, and the kind of doctrine that ought to be planted deep in the hearts of the men who are some day to govern this country:

I had the faith that Abraham Lincoln believed in when he put his trust in the plain people. I had the faith that down deep in the hearts of the American people, whether German, Jew, Italian, Irish, or other nationality, that in the hearts of all there was a pride in American citizenship, and that we could fight the battle out on those lines all through the campaign. So I kept right on on those lines, and, from what I hear to-night over the long-distance telephone, we win. While I consider it to some extent a personal gain, it is a still greater satisfaction to me that I can come back here among you people and believe that I have your love and respect. We have won in New York, but all through this broad land we may believe that the immortal lines handed down by the immortal Lord God have not been budged, and we have demonstrated that the highest politics are those that pin themselves to the truth. If you Hotchkiss boys could have seen how the heart had been taken out of some of the people, the victory to-day would mean more to you, perhaps, than it does. It would mean no abatement to you of a love for truth and principle. It would hearten you if you take it in all its meaning; it would mean to you that you cannot achieve enduring success unless you trust in the fundamental principles that underlie all human life. I believe it would mean to you that when they tell you that you can do nothing without pull or money they are wrong. You cannot pin to the truth and fail. The one abiding thing, first, last, and all the time, is self-respect. That is the only thing that won't run in the wash. When you have told the truth and kept self-respect, you can fearlessly meet the issue. It will not fail.

❀

Lynchings in the South

The call made by Mr. Levell, in another column, on critics of the South to propose some other remedy for the horrible crime of rape than the no-remedy furnished by lynching, is an entirely just and reasonable one. There may not have been too much indignation against the brutal crimes perpetrated by mobs, but there has been too little against the brutal crimes which have provoked the mobs. All lynchings have not grown out of rape; but had there been no rapes there would have been few lynchings for other crimes. We are glad to give to our readers Mr. Levell's clear statement of the conditions which have produced mob law, and the natural passions which have provoked it; for it is only as these conditions and passions are understood that remedies can be even intelligently considered. The Outlook entirely agrees with Mr. Levell's closing paragraph—that it is cruel to visit the South with condemnation and not join sympathetically in an endeavor to "lead out of the darkness and horror of the present situation."

Mr. Levell's diagnosis indicates the false philosophy which underlies the lynching mania. It is the notion that the remedy for crime is to inspire fear of penalty in the criminal classes. Fear is never a cure for crime. Torture and death were tried on an awful scale as a cure for crime in both England and the Continent of Europe two centuries ago, with no other result than to still further brutalize the brutal classes. The remedy for crime came in with John Howard and Mrs. Fry. There is no possible way by which a class of moral degenerates can be left in a community and the community be safe. Moral development is the only cure for crime. The man who commits rape does so because he is more of a beast than a man; the remedy is to make him more of a man than a beast.

Meanwhile, the deterrent power of fear must be employed, not as a cure for crime, but as a temporary preventive. But such fear can never be effectually inspired by spasmodic acts of semi-hysterical revenge. Passion never cures passion; on the contrary, the passion of revenge stimulates the passion of lust. Lust and cruelty incite each the other. The fear that is effectual to deter from crime is produced only by the steady, certain, and passionless procedures of justice. If rape is a common crime in the South, the remedy is not another common crime, namely, murder by mobs. It is such an administration of the laws as will make punishment certain and speedy, inflicted without passion and without delay. In compliance with Mr. Levell's reasonable demand, we suggest to Southern States which suffer from the double evil of rape and murder, these provisions of law: first, make rape a cap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ital offense, if it is not so already; second, require the trial to take place at the next session of the court after the offense, and permit no postponement, except with the approval of the prosecuting attorney; third, allow no appeal unless the trial judge certifies that there are questions which ought to be submitted to the full bench. There may be objections to this method; there doubtless are; but the critic should not content himself with stating objections, he should propose a better method. An expeditious administration of justice, under which the innocent are sometimes condemned, is better than a practical failure of justice and, as a result, mobs inflicting the penalty which the courts have failed to inflict.

❀

Dramatist and Mystic

Readers of The Outlook who are familiar with the earlier or later work of Maeterlinck will not leave unread the very interesting report of the man's personality which appears on another page. They will not be surprised to find him shy and reticent, hiding himself behind his work, and sharing his thought and art but not his personal experience with his readers. He would find it quite impossible, if he chose, to explain himself in definite terms; for he is a mystic of the purest type, and the mystical element in life and art is, by its very nature, inexplicable. If it could be explained it would cease to be mystical.

Maeterlinck was born in Belgium, and Huysmans had more Flemish than Dutch blood. The two men are of very dissimilar nature, experience, and gifts, but both endowed with a subtle quality of genius, and both standing completely outside the commercial interests of modern society. It would not be difficult to indicate the points of connection between these two writers and the literary movement of recent times in Europe; it is enough here to note their apparent detachment from the dominant interests of modern life—science and democracy. Both are in the highest degree individualistic; both have taken solitary paths apart from the main highways of contemporary thought and action; both are the exponents of the reaction against materialism in society and in religion; both have turned back to the ancient sources of hope and strength; both, in very different ways, have found refuge in the religious view of life: Huysmans in the Roman Catholic Church, and Maeterlinck in a mystical but very real union with the unseen forces which respond to the call of the soul.

A student of Shakespeare, Maeterlinck's instinct for the drama was reinforced by the power and resource of the vital presentation of life which he found in the plays of the great Englishman; a student of Emerson, the vein of mysticism in his nature was deepened by the searching influence of the American seer who bequeathed to his country a tradition of simplicity of life combined with lofty and disinterested habit of thought. The first work of the young Belgian was dramatic in form but deeply mystical in idea and in manner; so elusive, in fact, that to many readers the early plays have never ceased to be enigmas as unsolvable as Emerson's famous lines about "the red slayer." When "Princess Maleine" appeared, in 1889, it found few sympathetic readers; to many who turned its pages it was a piece of elusive fatalism; to more it was a mere collocation of words. The succeeding dramas, "The Blind," "The Uncalled," "The Intruder," were equally baffling and inexplicable.

There were a few who fastened upon the work of the new poet simply because it was novel in form, and exploited it without understanding it. They were of the class who are always sure that the final word has been spoken, and that in speaking it the new prophet had effaced all his predecessors. Maeterlinck, it is hardly necessary to say, has not shaken the hold of the old drama; it is doubtful if he has even blazed a path for a new dramatic movement of any considerable magnitude. What he has really accomplished is the writing of a number of subjective dramas of very unusual quality both of suggestiveness and of form. These dramas are in striking contrast with the older drama because, although the action is worked out through persons who speak and move, it is essentially within the mind. What the reader sees is a movement of dim figures at a distance; and there gradually dawns on him the conviction that he is looking at the workings of fate on the stage of the mind rather than on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boards of a theater. This drama is presented with subtle skill; by the use of repetition, the senses of the reader are gradually closed to all other impressions save that which the dramatist is conveying to him, and this impression finally takes complete possession of his imagination. Poe was also a master of this art of taking the reader out of the world of reality and building another and phantom world about him. The interest and power of these dramas are great; but they will not change the development of the drama as a form of literary art. For the essence of the drama is action, its method is objective, and it must be projected before the eye as well as before the imagination. Maeterlinck's dramas are enacted in the world of thought and are essentially subjective. They represent not a main but an individualist development.

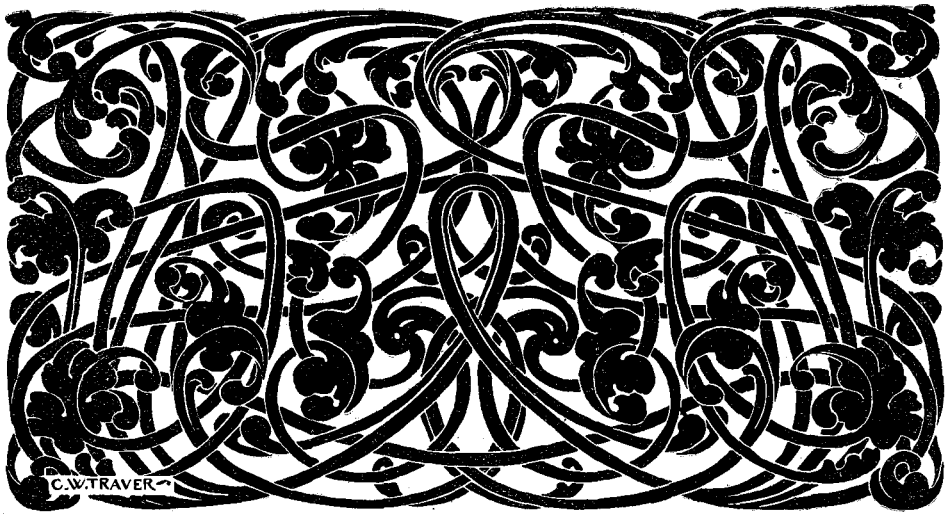
In his latest work this unusual and deeply interesting man has abandoned the dramatic form, and in two books notable not only for mystical insight but for rare beauty of form, "The Treasure of the Humble" and "Wisdom and Destiny," has interpreted life from a very individualistic standpoint. That such books have appeared at this period is a refutation of the constantly reiterated statement that society is wholly given over to greed, conquest, and pleasure. No meditations in mediæval monasteries were ever more unworldly than these remarkable books, full of the sense of the unreality of all material things, of the supremacy of invisible forces and powers, of the subtle but inexorable connection between the spirit of a man and the things which befall him, of the mystery and the beneficence of the fate which he invokes, and which, being set in motion by his own act, he cannot escape. These books are not for all readers; there are those to whom they are hermetically sealed by the indirection of their approach, the elusiveness of their thought, their free use of atmospheric influences as means of conveying ideas. But those who understand their language will be stimulated by their nobility and fascinated by their beauty. It is not necessary to agree with the writer's point of view in order to feel the tonic quality of his thought, the liberating force of his wit.

It is impossible to analyze the "Life of the Bee," the most recent work of Maeterlinck, which, like its immediate predecessors, bears the imprint of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. In becoming a close observer Maeterlinck did not cease to be a mystic and a master of style, an artist capable of recording the most delicate impressions and conveying the most subtle suggestions. The work is conceived in a lofty spirit, and abounds in passages of pure eloquence. The unity of the treatment is marvelously preserved through manifold episodes and phases; the record is exact, detailed, exhaustive, and at the same time full of hints of hidden wisdom, pervaded by a kind of sub-conscious revelation of underlying purpose brought to a beneficent close through myriads of perishing existences; the stages of the individual existence trated with delicate skill until it rises into a passionate altruism.

In this rare and exquisite work, so close to fact and so charged with truth, Maeterlinck renews for us the wonder and mystery of life in its commonest functions, its most instinctive manifestations, and places himself among those who, through a deeply religious nature, minister to the life of the spirit. He is an artist and a mystic, one who loves beauty and interrogates life with reverent and beautiful insight. "The bees know not whether they will eat the honey they harvest, as we know not who it is shall reap the profit of the cerebral substance we have formed, or of the intelligent fluid that issues therefrom and spreads over the universe, perishing when our life ceases or persisting after our death. As they go from flower to flower collecting more honey than themselves and their offspring can need, let us go from reality to reality seeking food for the incomprehensible flame, and thus, certain of having fulfilled our organic duty, preparing ourselves for whatever may befall. . . . A time will then come when all things will turn so naturally to good in a spirit that has given itself to the loyal desire of this simple human duty, that the very suspicion of the possible aimlessness of its exhausting effort will only render the duty the clearer, will only add more purity, power, disinterestedness, and freedom to the ardor wherewith it still seeks."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & WRITERS



AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD
DIRECTED BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THE NEW BOOKS

I.—The Best New Novels

THE author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has a style which happily combines wholesome sentiment with quiet and taking humor—a humor tinged at times with a very gentle cynicism. She is also a born lover of birds and flowers, with a happy faculty of losing herself in a fresh out-of-door atmosphere. Her popularity is not surprising when one analyzes her qualities and gives himself up to the enjoyment of her fresh and healthful spirit. In "The Benefactress" she has put the environment in the background and set her people in the foreground. Without any loss of the charm of her manner in her earlier books, she has worked out a very good plot and written a thoroughly enjoyable story. She describes the experiences of a young English girl who falls heir to an estate in northern Germany, and who, in a very ingenuous spirit, tries an experiment in altruism by collecting a small group of women of depleted fortunes under her roof. The writer makes the most of her ample opportunities of describing life in a small rural community in Germany, and her characterizations are exceedingly clever and entertaining. The story is pervaded by a delightful air of repose, but it is also full of humor, and by no means lacking in incident. The simplicity, curiosity, and envy of a remote German village are brought out with great effectiveness; the touch is keen and not without a slight element of cynicism, but the spirit of the story is kindly. It is a novel for quiet reading and wholesome enjoyment. It has a charm of style which places it among the best of recent stories. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" is a difficult book to classify, but the story elements in it are so many and so entertaining that it may be regarded as a work of fiction with the emphasis on out-of-doors surroundings. The writer, using the first person in a dramatic way,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

describes herself as the daughter of a country physician, the wife of a landscape architect of English birth, and the mistress of the hearts of two men and a capacious garden of the old-fashioned, familiar, domestic kind, in which vegetables, fruits, and flowers are cultivated not only with the skill but with that affectionate personal interest, that faculty of divination, which is the gift of all persons who succeed with flowers. There is no plot; simply a loosely constructed, familiarly told story of family life, domestic experiences, and neighborhood happenings, which flows out of doors and circles round the home, and touches all manner of things with the freedom and charm of daily habit and intimate association. The book has the quiet fascination which belongs to the annals of home life, told simply, with due reticence, and with pervading humor. It is preeminently restful and refreshing, so real and direct is it, so charged with high spirits, and so flooded with sunshine. The calendar of the seasons is kept with easy fidelity but with no touch of formal almanac exactness; and the vicissitudes of a garden are recorded with many details indicating exact and comprehensive knowledge, but in a spirit of fresh and free enjoyment. A great deal of information about flowers drops into the mind of the reader incidentally; and he learns much also about servants, domestic problems, the peculiarities of country neighbors, old books, and other and deeper things which make for peace, freedom, and joy in life, both within doors and without. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Mr. Quiller-Couch is a Cornishman, and has described what he happily calls "The Delectable Duchy" with insight, freshness, and distinct power of characterization. He knows his people and loves them; and something of the Cornish quality shows itself in his mind and art. There is a touch of mysticism, a suggestion of superstition, a freedom of imagination, in almost everything which comes from his hand. "The Ship of Stars," in its quaintness, simplicity, elemental energy, and imaginative quality, stands by itself in recent English fiction. These qualities are found in the collection of short stories called "The Laird's Luck and Other Familiar Tales," the tale which gives its title to the volume serving as an illustration of Mr. Quiller-Couch's love of the unusual and ghostly. The stories vary greatly in workmanship, for Mr. Quiller-Couch is a somewhat uncertain workman. He is sometimes careless, and his stories sometimes give an impression of fragmentariness; but he is never commonplace and he is always interesting. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

It is a genuine pleasure, after the recent wave of romances of adventure, each with a more or less convincing historical background, to turn to a finished and careful novel of character. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Circumstance" is a social study worked out with thoroughness, profound in its tracing of motive and of the play of character upon action, yet by no means deficient in story-interest. Since Judge Grant's "Unleavened Bread" we have had no closer psychologic analysis of a woman's nature than that of the social adventuress around whom the action of "Circumstance" revolves, while boldly and effectively contrasted to her smooth twistings and scheming are the strength and self-reliant womanhood of a girl of independent mind and clear soul. In fact, there are half a dozen men and women here who are distinct individuals, even if also types or semi-types. The scene of the story is Philadelphia, and the social atmosphere is markedly Philadelphian. There is not a little humor, but not of the boisterous kind. The book appeals most strongly to readers of intellectual training rather than to rapid perusers of sensational tales. Its strength and refinement will bring it, we believe, a constantly increasing appreciation, even if it does not attain a phenomenal sale on the instant. One puts it down without feeling a regret for the time spent over it—and that cannot be said of every "best-selling" book of the season. (The Century Company, New York.)

"A Lily of France," by Caroline A. Mason, is a historical romance dealing with one of the most critical and stormy periods of history—the middle of the sixteenth century. It is the story of William of Orange and the French princess, Charlotte de Bourbon. The heroine, though of the blood royal, was, when a mere child, shut up in a convent through the cruelty of her father, and forced to assume the position of its abbess. But the chances

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and changes of that warlike time at last gave her her freedom, and she became the wife of the great Dutch hero. The scene is laid in France and Holland, and all the great men and women of the age live at one time or another before one's eyes, especially William the Silent, the exponent of the new freedom and the new faith. The story is full of dramatic incidents and situations, and yet one's sense of its reality is not destroyed by too large a measure of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes. It is a vivid but not an exaggerated picture of the heroism and the cruelty, the chivalry and the deceit, of the age of the Spanish Inquisition. (The Griffith and Rowland Press, Philadelphia.)

In his latest story Mr. Chesnutt deals with the race tragedy in its largest aspects as he dealt with it in its most intense pressure on the individual in the "House Behind the Cedars." The title of this latest story is a fortunate stroke; it is a story in itself. In the "Marrow of Tradition" the collision between the white and black races in the South is brought out with startling distinctness in a very dramatic plot, full of strong situations. The novel gains immensely in force by the restraint with which it is told, and by the dispassionateness with which good and evil are recognized on both sides of the color line. Mr. Chesnutt brings out some charming aspects of Southern character with a fidelity and skill which show how sympathetic he is with the finest qualities of the social order of the stronger race. This air of impartiality makes the tragic situation which the story works out more effective in its appeal both to sympathy and imagination, and Mr. Chesnutt has given no more decisive evidence of his artistic instinct and feeling than the skill with which, without loss of the power which comes from deep feeling, he has stepped aside and permitted the story to tell itself. His sympathies are not concealed, but they are never intrusive. The story is pathetic to the point of pain, and it is told not only with tempered but with sustained power. It has suggested "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to some readers, and there are points of similarity between two stories which deal with the relations of the whites and blacks. It is less exuberant, less overflowing with vitality, than the earlier novel; but it is more thoroughly balanced, more carefully constructed, more condensed and restrained. It is a notable piece of fiction from several points of view; much the best long story that has come from Mr. Chesnutt's hand.

The "Old Knowledge" referred to in the title of Mr. Stephen Gwynn's story is the ancient mystical folk-lore of Ireland, traces of which linger in the semi-superstitious beliefs of the common people and can also be found in a few such rapt natures as that of Conroy, the peasant, in this story, who sees visions of spiritualized things (not ghosts at all) and paints them. He is also an adept in bee lore, is in a way educated, and has a wild devotion to the land itself as well as to its people. His unhappy love for the lovable English girl who comes to Donegal alone to fish and hunt has a strange ending. Contrasted to this out-of-the-world creation is a manly and very modern young Irishman; the girl aforesaid, who is one of the most agreeable and pleasing girl characters of recent fiction; and some quaintly charming Irish gentlefolks with the manners of a by-gone generation. The story of the killing of the English maiden's first salmon is a capital bit of writing. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Miss Florence Wilkinson has already published both prose and verse of promising quality. She has freshness of feeling and freshness of touch—two prime elements in the writing of real books. Her latest work, "The Strength of the Hills," is the most elaborate piece of work she has yet done. It is a story of distinct promise, and also of considerable performance. The parts are not well balanced; there is an occasional forcing of the note, and there are touches of amateurishness here and there throughout the story; but there is directness, freshness, and inventiveness. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Crawford's latest story, "Marietta," is not a very original piece of fiction, but it furnishes another illustration of the author's remarkable facility in assimilating different atmospheres, and in mastering, in a minute way as well as sympathetically, very diverse conditions of life. This story deals with the glass-makers of Venice in the Middle Ages—a guild of artists whose social position was almost as high as that of the nobility, with whom they were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permitted to intermarry; who were jealous to the point of fanaticism of their privileges, and who lived with the splendor of nobles. The plot is intricate, and is handled with the ease and skill of a past-master in the art of story-telling. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Boone County, Kentucky, the "Knob country," has already become better known to readers and tourists through Mr. Lloyd's "Stringtown on the Pike." This section is not only fertile agriculturally, but presents features of great interest to geologists and naturalists. This remarkable section of Kentucky, impressively recording nature's struggles, also records the struggles of men in many and sanguinary conflicts between Indian and white, but especially forty years ago, when North and South crashed together on the Knobs and divided Kentuckians in their allegiance. "Warwick" contributes to our knowledge of social conditions in a pivotal State during the war. It is a somber story, with hardly a high light or gleam of humor to relieve the pervading gloom. The hero of the tale is a Hard-shell Baptist preacher, and, amid incidents which might have driven a less rugged individuality to lose faith in God, remains true to his uncompromising religious creed. A certain elemental power pervades the novel. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The reissue of Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard's three novels, "The Morgesons," "Temple House," and "Two Men," will recall attention to a group of stories which appeared before the time was ripe, and which have not received the attention they deserve. Taking "Two Men" as a type of Mrs. Stoddard's work, she curiously predicts much of the development of fiction during the last thirty years. She is not a realist in the strictest sense of the word, but she writes with her eye on the fact, and at times with a kind of literal fidelity which gives her characterizations sharp contours and her landscapes marvelous distinctness. The emphasis on the fact is sometimes so heavy that the story lacks atmosphere. A phrase from Emerson which serves as a preface may be taken as a key to Mrs. Stoddard's method: "Let us treat the men and women well; treat them as if they were real; perhaps they are." An air of reality pervades the story; it is full of significant detail, of characteristic touches, of trifles light as air which are charged with fate. The plot is not a pleasant one, and there is no mincing of words in the telling; something ominous is in the air from the beginning; and the interplay of cold, selfish, calculating, or ungoverned natures is unrelieved by any gayety or humor. One is reminded of "Wuthering Heights" by its pervading somberness. There is a vein of passion in it, however; a touch of something which has rarely appeared in American writing; and there is a distinct element of the romantic. What strikes one in the story is its originality and force; one feels that here was a power which ought to have had fuller development. Mrs. Stoddard's stories are not faultless; her philosophy of life leaves out some great elements; but her work shows originality, force, the touch of a strong mind. (H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)

The soul of sketches like those called "Some Women I Have Known," by Maarten Maartens, is likely to elude the critic who seeks to embalm it descriptively. The author's dedication of them to women without a history may serve as a hint to their delicate, permeating quality. They embody an intimate, subtle insight into the lives of women who live intensely, yet who never present a salient point upon which the world could hang a tale. Mostly of personages in high life, the phrase "a gallery of charming miniatures" best describes them in few words. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

"Ralph Connor" is now well known to be the pseudonym of the Rev. C. W. Gordon, of Winnipeg. It is said that half a million readers have been interested in "The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock." The last dealt with cowboys, the former with miners; now, in "The Man from Glengarry," Mr. Gordon takes the Canadian lumberman as his subject. Types of Scottish Highlandmen, French-Canadians, and Americans are introduced, and there is no lack of the love element. It would be a work of supererogation, however, to describe this novel to our readers, who have had the opportunity of following its course in the pages of The Outlook. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

We have already and quite lately men-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tioned with appreciation the exceedingly lively and engaging story called "Calumet K" (The Macmillan Company), by Messrs. Merwin and Webster, the somber Polish novel "The Argonauts," by Eliza Orzeszko, and other novels worthy of praise, while in our special Book Number of last month we grouped for notice a dozen or more of the important works of fiction of the early autumn.

II.—Essays and Criticism

In the introduction to his translation of Mr. Henrik Jaeger's "Critical Biography of Henrik Ibsen" Mr. William Morton Payne tells us that he had for some time had in mind the preparation of a critical essay on Ibsen, but that, when this work came into his hands, he decided to translate it instead of writing an original criticism. One cannot but wish that Mr. Morton had done the work himself, not because this volume fails in any respect, but because Mr. Morton is perhaps the most competent student of Ibsen in this country, has thorough acquaintance with the languages and literatures of Northern Europe, and is a critic not only of exact information and great thoroughness of method, but of insight and discrimination. This volume will be invaluable to American readers of Ibsen's dramas. The biographical element in it is not very large, because Ibsen's life has been, so far as externals were concerned, singularly uneventful for a man of his prominence. It presents, however, with great clearness the spiritual and artistic biography of the man as these are recorded in his work; the biography forming, therefore, a critical comment of the most intelligent and comprehensive kind. The story of Ibsen's childhood and youth is told with some fullness, and with copious aid from the dramatist himself. The period of his apprenticeship is outlined with clearness; and the story of his productiveness, of his changes of manner, and of the unfolding of his ideas of life and of art is narrated up to the end of his sixtieth year. Mr. Morton has supplemented and completed the volume by an additional chapter, bringing the story down to Ibsen's latest work, "When We Dead Awake," which was published two years ago, and which Ibsen himself described as "a dramatic epilogue." Apart from the question of the significance and permanent value of Ibsen's work, this volume is a valuable contribution to the growing literature which has gathered about that work; and it is a very interesting chapter in the spiritual history of the last fifty years. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Dr. Charles Carroll Everett, of the Harvard Divinity School, whose recent death brought sorrow to a wide circle of friends and former pupils, was a fine type of the old-fashioned man of culture. He was educated largely along classical lines; a devout student and lover of the Humanities; of catholic temper, literary tastes, and a strong bent towards philosophy. These qualities appear in the volume of "Essays Theological and Literary." Dr. Everett's philosophical interests are indicated by essays on "Reason in Religion," "Kant's Influence in Theology," and kindred discussions; his literary interests in chapters on "The Poetry of Emerson," "The 'Faust' of Goethe," "Tennyson and Browning as Spiritual Forces." In dealing with literature, however, as these titles suggest, Dr. Everett was concerned more with thought than with form, and the great works of literary art interested him primarily as expressions of the spiritual nature and as interpretations of life. He was a scholar of meditative habit, and a student of the mind of art rather than of its form. He brought the ripeness of long study and the fruit of wide reading to his work, and his discussions are characterized by clearness, breadth, and sanity. His interpretation of "Faust" in this volume is an admirable piece of interpretative criticism; free from eccentricity, from the weakness of a passion to say something entirely novel about a much-discussed subject, well balanced and thoroughly comprehensible. The entire series of essays will repay careful reading, and those who are not familiar with Dr. Everett's earlier work, "Poetry, Comedy, and Duty," will do well to familiarize themselves also with one of the most thoughtful and suggestive discussions of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the principles which underlie the literary art that has yet come from an American hand. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Dr. Richard Garnett is a bookman of eminence and enthusiasm. He recalls the type of the older generation of book students and book lovers: he has the same touch of intimacy with books, the same devout affection for them. He is also, however, a keen critic, a very intelligent student of literary conditions, and an admirably clear writer. His "Essays of an Ex-Librarian" is not only full of discrimination, bearing on every page the evidence of a very intelligent study of books, but it is also, in its way, one of the most entertaining collections of essays which has appeared for a long time. His analysis of the poetry of Coleridge, which forms one of the most interesting chapters in the volume, is a piece of quiet, carefully-wrought-out interpretative criticism, at once sympathetic and keen, with a just appreciation of the great qualities of Coleridge's verse and with a very clear insight into its limitations. What he has to say about the date of Shakespeare's "Tempest" is not convincing, but it is well said, and is evidently the fruit of very careful study of all the facts, within and without the play, which are accessible to the student. His other subjects, Peacock, Thomas Moore, Emerson, Matthew Arnold, indicate the range of his interest, and are revelations of the fullness of his knowledge and the sanity of his mind. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

III.—History and Travel

One of the most important stories of the Revolutionary war is for the first time fully and brilliantly told in "Arnold's Expedition to Quebec," by John Codman, 2d. The failure of the expedition and the final treason of its leader have hitherto kept in the obscure background events which not only thwarted for the time Washington's well-conceived plan for winning independence or equal rights for all English America, but which have changed the subsequent history of North America. Not until we read Mr. Codman's fascinating pages did we realize how nearly English Canada was ready to take part in the struggle of the Southern colonies. Before the battle of Lexington, Canada was invited to send delegates to the Provincial Congress, and this was the reply sent by some of the principal Whig merchants of Montreal:

> Few in this Colony dare vent their Griefs but groan in Silence and dream of *Lettres de Cachet*, Confiscations and Imprisonments . . . You will please bear in Mind, that not only those who hold the Helm of Government, but also, all those who make Wealth or Ambition the chief Objects of their Pursuit are professedly your Enemies; & would be glad to reduce you to the same Abject State, with themselves; nevertheless *the bulk of the People* both English and Canadians *are of contrary Sentiments;* and wish well to your Cause. . . .

The French-Canadians were in the main, it is true, apathetic, but, says Mr. Codman, "it is not improbable that but for the impolitic document addressed by Congress to the people of Great Britain in September, 1774, inveighing in unmeasured terms against French jurisprudence and Roman Catholicism, Canada might also have cast her vote for independence." What was lost through bigotry before the war began would doubtless have been won by conciliation had the expedition to Quebec been as successful as that to Montreal, for Washington's letter of instruction was particularly explicit in regard to the respectful treatment of Catholics. The trials, hardships, defections, heroisms, partial victories, and final defeat of the expedition are narrated by Mr. Codman with a vivid sympathy which holds even young readers, and the character of Arnold stands out as it must finally stand when the half light of patriotic obloquy gives place to the full light of impartial history. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A single firm rarely publishes within a month two first-class books on any one subject. On that of China, however, we have just received from one firm two works of the highest rank. Their authors are not only singularly acute observers, they are also discriminating judges; they have spent many years in educational and missionary labors in China; they have been on intimate terms with some of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most prominent personages there. Hence their books are informatively written, and are written from first-hand knowledge. As is fitting, these works appear in large, clear print, and rarely is there any evidence of hasty proof-reading. The illustrations and maps are many and excellent; they do not seem inserted here and there by way of adornment, but because they actually illustrate the text. One of these works has been written by the Rev. Dr. Smith, the Outlook's Commissioner in China, and deals with a recent period of intense political activity; the other, by the Rev. Dr. Martin, the venerable President of the Imperial University, deals with the Empire's intellectual life. As many of Dr. Smith's chapters appeared in The Outlook, our readers are well aware of his views. It must be admitted that, in terseness and vividness of phrase, "China in Convulsion" is a more immediately engaging work than is "The Lore of Cathay." Dr. Smith's vision is exact; his pictures are sketched with an apparently unerring touch, and are colored to a perfectly proper key. This is no news to the readers of "Chinese Characteristics" and "Village Life in China." On the other hand, Dr. Martin's is perhaps the more scholarly achievement. It is an essential complement to his "Cycle of Cathay"—a book picturing Chinese history in general, and, in particular, those strenuous periods of the Arrow War and the Taiping Rebellion. The Outlook has already said that, as an authoritative work, the "Cycle of Cathay" will take its place with Williams's "Middle Kingdom." Dr. Smith and Dr. Martin both hold that a clear knowledge of the past as related to recent occurrences, and also a comprehension of esoteric Chinese life, are necessary to the readjustment of relations between China and the Powers—in other words, to intellectual interaction. No doubt exists of the necessity of this interaction. Never have a great people been more misunderstood, protests Dr. Martin. According to him the Chinese are not stolid, servile, or barbarous; it is we who do not understand them. Both authors admit that the recent atrocities have done more than anything in lowering the Chinese in our esteem; but both tell us that the outbreak was due to a sudden recoil from the Emperor's innovations—a recoil instigated for political purposes by a usurping Regent and her Manchu agents. Yet the Chinese have always been latently hostile to their Manchu rulers, save the present Emperor. The real attitude of the Chinese mind is not shown by the Boxer craze, declares Dr. Martin, but rather by the Emperor's reform movement. Dr. Smith is hardly so positive: "A large minority of thinking men felt the necessity of a change, and would gladly have followed an Imperial leader." At all events, we have another proof of the fact insisted on, especially by Dr. Martin, that, throughout the ages, the Chinese have not maintained the cast-iron uniform character generally ascribed to them. A certain uniform stamp, however, which we note in every Chinaman, may be ascribed, not to ethnology, residence, climate, or diet, but to education. Only by informing ourselves in this department may we learn to know the real China which lies under and behind the commercial life of the treaty ports. To know China we must know about Chinese thought. Dr. Martin's chapters point out the incongruities of life in the Flowery Kingdom: the most determined foes of the Emperor's reforms were the literati themselves; China is a highly illiterate land, yet education there is well-nigh universal; the Government has been hopeless despite the rigidity and impartiality of civil service examinations; outside of Christianity, perhaps no teacher ever taught a higher morality than did Confucius, yet there is a strange lack of moral fiber in the Chinese. The present outlook, however, is a hopeful one. So far from extinguishing political reforms, Dr. Martin thinks that the effect of the recent convulsion will be to awaken them into fresh activity. He had already hinted this in his "Siege in Peking," as does Dr. Smith in his latest work, which, of course, includes as its main feature an account of the siege, of which he was an eye-witness. Unless China is essentially altered, however, warns Dr. Smith, she will continue to imperil the world's future. Other forces than Christianity, he concludes, are inadequate; it alone can give to China, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, a new life. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

One can hardly avoid commenting first

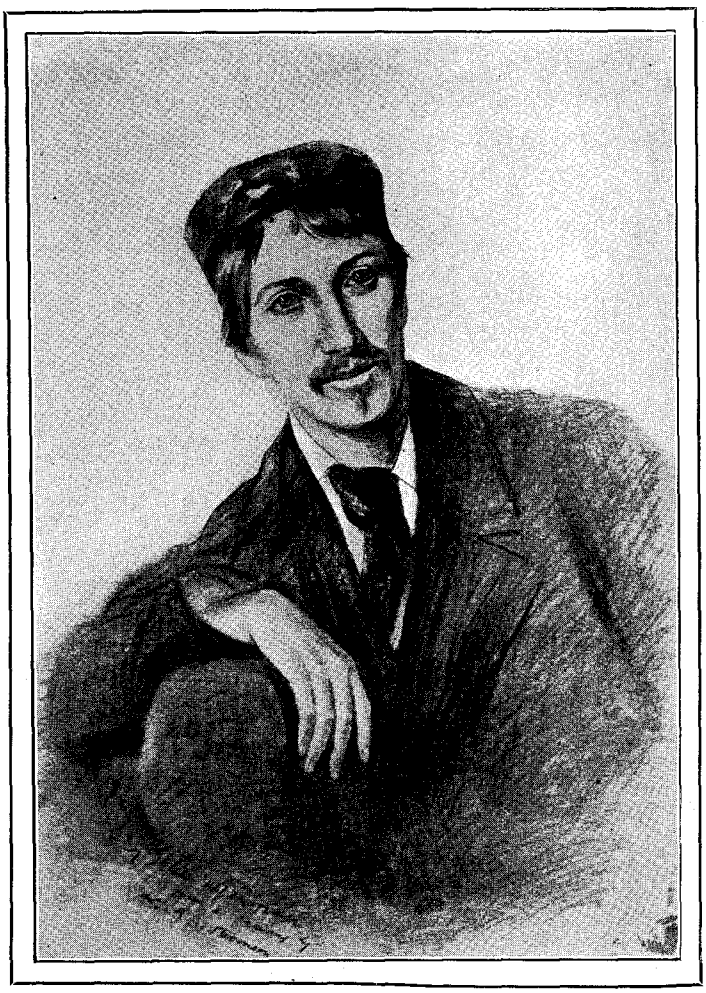
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the superb external appearance, typography, and illustration of the two large volumes concerned with the Harriman Alaskan Expedition. It is safe to say that, with the exception of some *éditions de luxe* of great price, no more notable piece of book-making has come out of the hands of American publishers for many years. It will be remembered that Mr. E. H. Harriman nearly three years ago planned a summer cruise in Alaska for hunting, recreation, and travel, but his plans gradu ally enlarged until the Harriman Expedition in its own steamship carried about one hundred and twenty-five people. The personnel of the expedition included two artists of National fame, two professional photographers, such leading men of science as Professor Brewer, of the Yale Scientific School, and Professor C. H. Merriam, such famous writers on topics of natural science as John Burroughs and John Muir, two physicians, a chaplain, and a corps of assistants in all matters relating to science, art, and travel. The literary record of this expedition is supplemented by valuable special articles on the history, development, resources, geography, ethnology, and exploration of Alaska. The illustration of the book is truly extraordinary, including thirty-nine colored plates, some of which represent a very high form of color-printing, eighty-five admirable and beautiful photogravures, several maps, and many scores of wood engravings inserted in the text. When we turn from the sumptuous typography and pictorial beauty of the volumes to their literary contents, we find that the narrative told by Mr. John Burroughs is, as might be expected, lucid, picturesque, and popular, while Mr. John Muir's genuinely eloquent descriptions of glaciers and peaks would alone, with a few of the fine accompanying illustrations, make a worthy book. We can only add that Mr. George Bird Grinnell competently treats the racial traits of the natives and their rude mythology and folk-lore; that Mr. Charles Keeler writes of the Alaskan birds, with many charming pictures in colors; that Professor Brewer writes on the Alaskan atmosphere; while other hardly less noted naturalists and literary men discuss such topics as the fur industry, the seal industry, and Alaska fauna and flora, the hunting exploits of the party (which included the killing of one specimen of the enormous Kadiak bear), the forest and timber resources of the country, the fishing industry, and a dozen other similar topics. The whole work is under the general editorship of Dr. Merriam. The entire expense of the expedition was borne by Mr. Harriman, and it is a pleasure to note that in equipping, organizing, and carrying out such an undertaking Mr. Harriman has found almost a new employment for great personal resources, and has set a delightful example for men of wealth to follow in other directions. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

The title of Mr. Charles W. Wood's "The Glories of Spain" is misleading. One might think that the glories of all Spain were described, but, as a matter of fact, Mr. Wood confines his attention to Catalonia and Aragon. Then there are many other glories than those architectural; but Mr. Wood restricts himself to that department only. We hope that he will ultimately do for the other Spanish provinces what he has so well done for two of them. The great value of his latest work is that its readers will realize, as never before, the marvelous treasure-house of architecture in the cathedral towns of Spain. Mr. Wood's delightful text is doubly enforced by reason of a great wealth of illustration. We would, however, distinguish a second value, and it is the same value which marked the author's "Rhone Valley," namely, his restful gregariousness. Does he reproduce in word and picture a glorious Spain in stone and mortar, he reproduces with equal exactness and graphicness the monks and soldiers, the priests and innkeepers, the *criados* and other servants. He spends quite as much time in recording his talks with them as in describing the architecture of Gerona, Lerida, Barcelona, Tarragona, and Saragossa (why does he use the Spanish Zaragoza and not the Anglicized name?)—incidental as all these conversations and characterizations seem to the main work in hand. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BALFOUR'S LIFE OF STEVENSON[1]



STEVENSON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SEVEN
Reproduced by special permission from Graham Balfour's "Life of Stevenson."

THIS Life of Stevenson is beyond doubt the most important publication of the season in literary biography. Its appearance has been expected with pleasurable anticipation, and also, it must be admitted, with some misgivings. When it was learned that Mr. Sidney Colvin, the one man exactly fitted, by knowledge of Stevenson, by literary taste and exquisite perception of what to say and what not to say, and by the training in this subject involved in the preparation of the invaluable volumes of Letters, had not the strength to undertake the task, and that a younger writer little known to the general reading public had been chosen to take his place, there were those who doubted the outcome. But the choice of Mr. Graham Balfour was well made. He had considerable personal knowledge of Stevenson, with whom he was kin though not closely, and spent many months with the romance-builder and poet at Vailima. Never, however, does he in the least throw into prominence his personal intimacy with Stevenson, but throughout—and this is characteristic of his entire plan—he merges his own knowledge with that acquired in many other ways, and

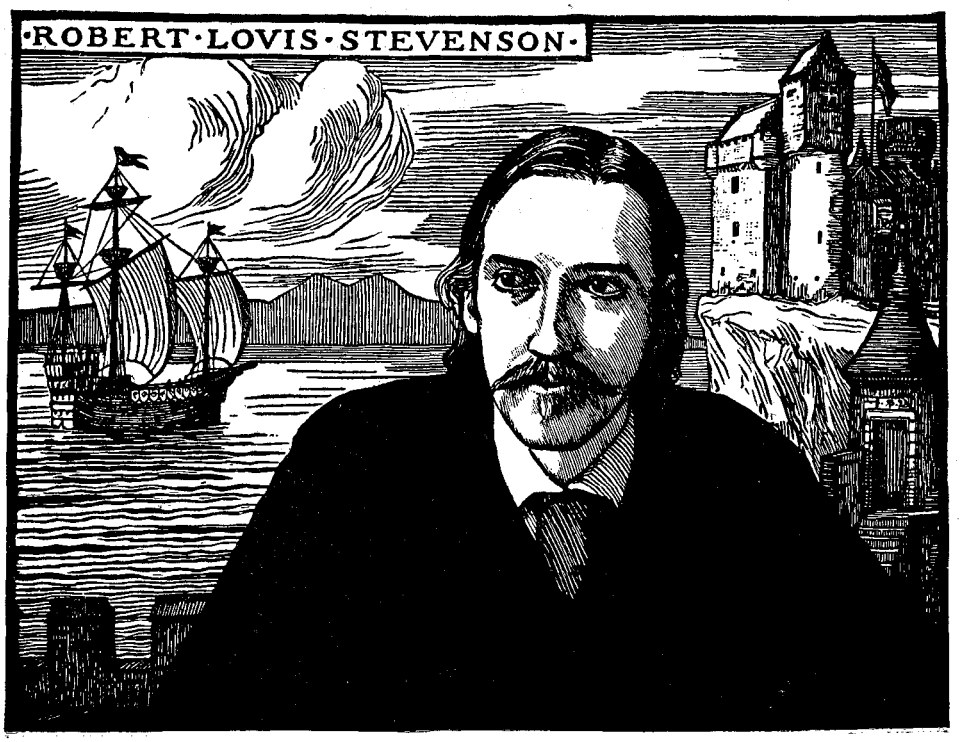
[1] *The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.* By Graham Balfour. In 2 vols. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both in narrative and criticism selects and blends his material with the single purpose of making his portrait clear and of throwing the light strongly on all phases of the many-sided subject. The fragment of autobiography left by Stevenson, personal allusions scattered through his works, his diaries and even more the pathetically minute diaries of his mother, the letters not included in Mr. Colvin's volumes, material of various descriptions offered by the family and friends, personal recollections of many literary associates, all are combined and arranged with definite purpose. Mr. Balfour truly says: "In Stevenson's case, if anywhere, the rule holds that all biography would be autobiography if it could." It is no disparagement to Mr. Balfour's editorship to say that one best loves to hear what Stevenson himself has to say of the events of his life, and in these volumes Stevenson speaks a large proportion of the time. The Life is an inseparable complement to the Letters. One may hold that, if all were to do over, the two might well be combined into one completely satisfying whole, but under the actual conditions a Life was indispensable, and the lovers of Stevenson's writing and character may congratulate themselves that the work has been done so competently and with such sympathetic judgment.

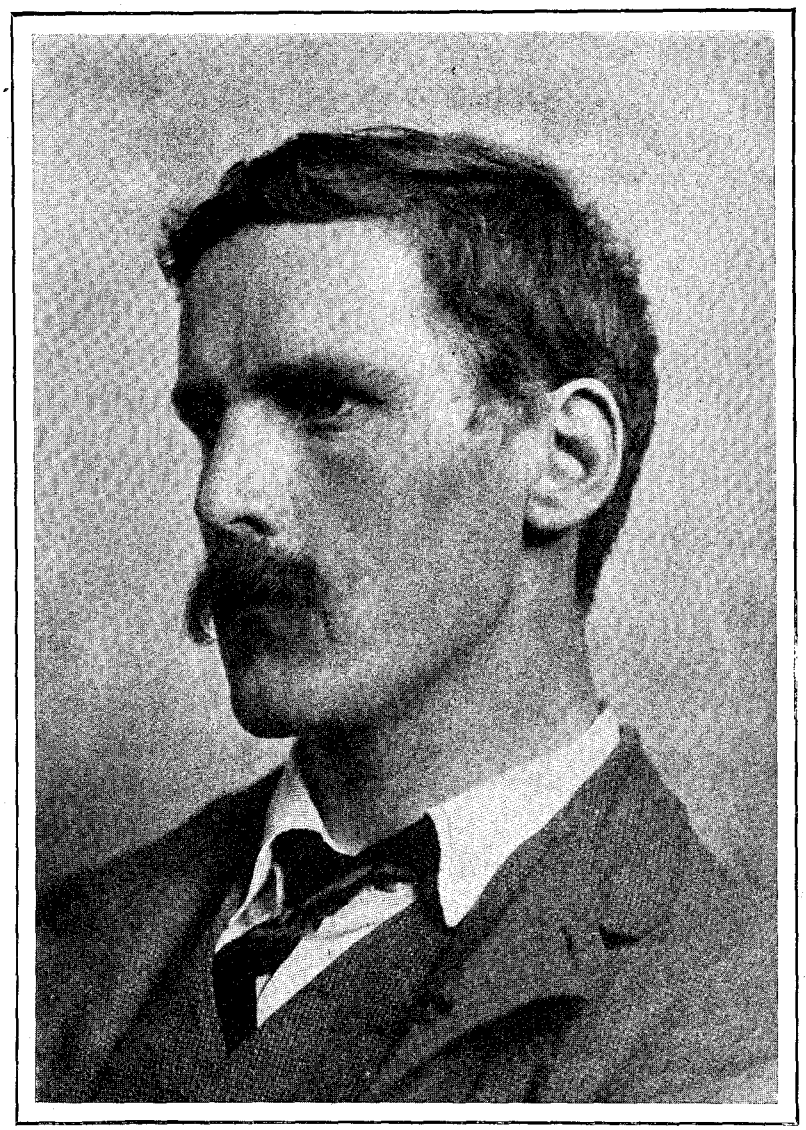
In point of style and expression there is much in this work to praise. Mr. Balfour keeps himself so modestly in the background in the narrative portion that it is only in the concluding pages of appreciation and analysis that one realizes that this author has a style worth noting, and that his literary discrimination is acute and nicely poised. Here, for instance, is a passage which puts a finger delicately but firmly on one of Stevenson's personal qualities:

> There was this about him, that he was the only man I have ever known who possessed charm in a high degree, whose character did not suffer from the possession. The gift comes naturally to women, and they are at their best in its exercise. But a man requires to be of a very sound fiber before he can be entirely himself and keep his heart single, if he carries about with him a talisman to obtain from all men and all women the object of his heart's desire. Both gifts Stevenson possessed, not only the magic but also the strength of character to which it was safely intrusted.
>
> But who shall bring back that charm? Who shall unfold its secret? He was all that I have said; he was inexhaustible, he was



THE BRYDEN WOODCUT OF STEVENSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GRAHAM BALFOUR

brilliant, he was romantic, he was fiery, he was tender, he was brave, he was kind. With all this there went something more. He always liked the people he was with, and found the best and brightest that was in them; he entered into all the thoughts and moods of his companions, and led them along pleasant ways, or raised them to a courage and a gayety like his own. If criticism or reminiscence has yielded any further elucidation of his spell, I do not know; it defies my analysis, nor have I ever heard it explained.

It may be noted that Mr. Balfour does not refrain from pointing out foibles and weaknesses. It was Stevenson's great gift of humor that made him often laugh at himself, and he was the last of men to desire biographical coddling. The fact is that as a boy and young man he was eccentric, whimsically vain, and a puzzle in many ways. His biographer deals at some length with the early days, and with reason; not only because, as he says, the boyhood of the singer and interpreter of childhood has peculiar interest, but because Stevenson was in a beautiful and sweet sense a boy to the day of his death. His eccentricity mellowed into gentle humor; affectation and preciosity disappeared as the imagination strengthened;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as real problems faced him there developed unsuspected tenacity and noble purpose; high spirits he had even in pain and suffering.

There is little in the animated and humorous letters which have made Stevenson a living personality to a world of readers to show that he was constantly fighting for life. "I was made for a contest," he wrote Mr. Meredith, "and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic-bottle." But rarely was there heard from him a word of complaint or a tone of melancholy. His brilliant romances are alive with character and rich in humor and fancy, his subtle essays are keyed on optimism, his child-poems are open-doored and open-hearted, his very journeys to the ends of the world that he might find a place where he could live and work made him the friend, counselor, and teacher of the weak and oppressed.

Nothing is more difficult to define than charm. What is the quality about Stevenson as man and as author which has endeared him to the world far more than some of greater intellectual force? Mr. Balfour thus defines it:

To deal with Stevenson's intellectual qualities alone is to approach his less fascinating side, and to miss far more than half the influence of his charm. I have referred to his chivalry, only to find that in reality I was thinking of every one of the whole group of attributes which are associated with that name. Loyalty, honesty, generosity, courage, courtesy, tenderness, and self-devotion; to impute no unworthy motives and to bear no grudge; to bear misfortune with cheerfulness and without a murmur; to strike hard for the right and take no mean advantage; to be gentle to women and kind to all that are weak; to be very rigorous with oneself and very lenient to others—these, and any other virtues ever implied in "chivalry," were the traits that distinguished Stevenson. They do not make life easy, as he frequently found. One day, his stepson tells me, they were sitting on the deck of a schooner in the Pacific, and Stevenson was reading a copy of "Don Quixote." Suddenly he looked up, and, with an air of realization, said sadly, as if to himself, "That's me."

Turning from Stevenson's charm to his literary art, it is brought out in this book better than ever before that even from early boyhood he had a real passion for striving after style. In a sense he may be said to have acquired style before he had anything of his own to say. When his imagination reached its powers, the tool was at his hand. Those who think exquisite writing comes by inspiration should note that Stevenson, referring to style rather than to matter, said: "I imagine nobody had ever such pains to learn a trade as I had; but I slogged at it day in and day out; and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world." Often his best work was rewritten ten times. Here, in a somewhat abbreviated form, is the often-told story of his self-imposed apprenticeship:

All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket—one to read, one to write in. As I walked my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that, too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. . . .

Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and the co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and to "Obermann."

A last quotation from a book which constantly tempts to quotation may be one of several prayers written by Robert Louis Stevenson—one not, we think, generally known. It has much of the man's nature in it:

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On a Spray of Heather

By Robert Bridges

Far from its native moorland
Or crest of "wine-red" hill,
At sight or scent of heather
The hearts of Scotchmen thrill.
Though crushed its purple blossoms,
Its tender stems turned brown,
It brings romantic Highlands
Into prosaic town.
The clans are on the border,
The chiefs are in the fray,
We're keen upon their footsteps
With Walter Scott to-day.
Peat smoke from lowland cottage
Floats curling up, and turns
Our dreams toward quiet hearthstones
And melodies of Burns.
And last our fancy lingers
With fond regret and vain
Where sleeps our Tusitala
Beneath the tropic rain—
Far from the purple heather
Or gleaming rowan bough,
Alone on mountain summit,
"Our hearts remember how."

St. Andrew's Day.

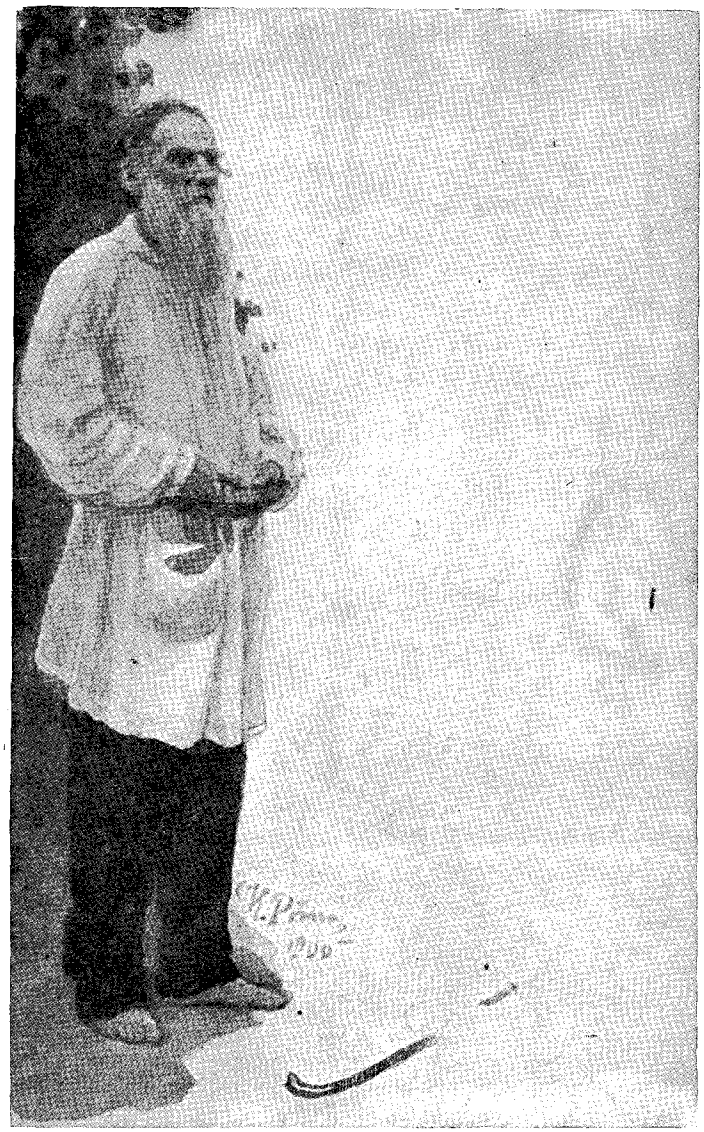
ROBERT MURRAY WRIGHT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

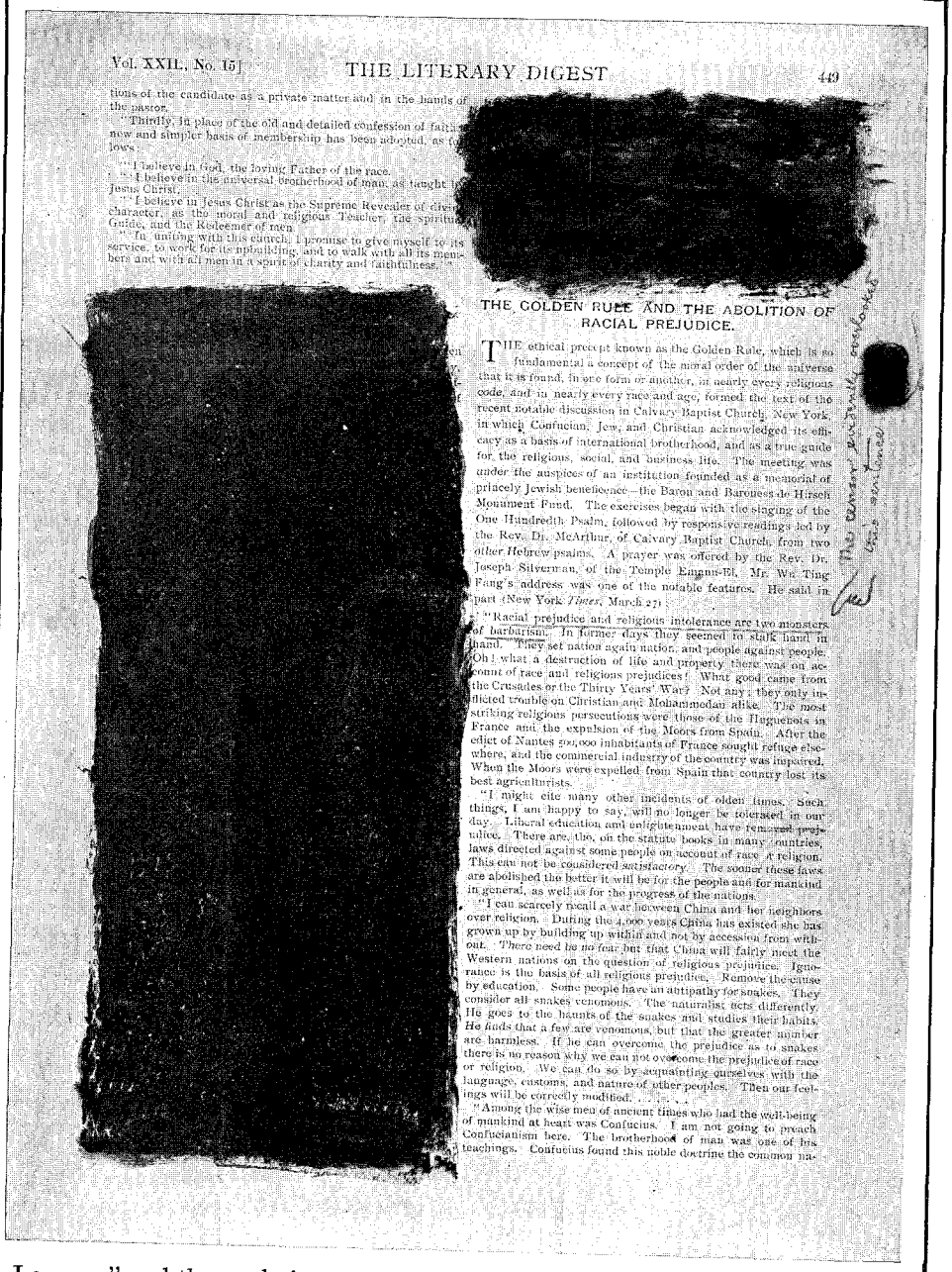
Tolstoï and the Russian Censors

The two pictures presented herewith will bring direct to the reader's eye the method of censorship employed by the Russian Government. Hardly anything could appear less harmful or revolutionary on its face than this pictorial postal card containing a reproduction of Repine's famous portrait of Tolstoï, yet because the Russian authorities were incensed by Tolstoï's brave reply to the edict of excommunication, they absolutely refuse to allow the Red Cross Society to put on sale these postal cards, which the Society had printed with the Government's consent as a way of raising money for the humane work of the Society.

On the next page will be seen a reproduction of a page of our worthy and certainly far from Anarchistic contemporary, "The Literary Digest," as it appears after it has gone through the Russian censor's hand. The article thus treated was entitled "The Beginnings of Christianity as Viewed by a



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Vol. XXII, No. 15] THE LITERARY DIGEST 449

tions of the candidate as a private matter and in the hands of the pastor.

"Thirdly, in place of the old and detailed confession of faith a new and simpler basis of membership has been adopted, as follows:

"'I believe in God, the loving Father of the race.

"'I believe in the universal brotherhood of man, as taught by Jesus Christ.

"'I believe in Jesus Christ as the Supreme Revealer of divine character, as the moral and religious Teacher, the spiritual Guide, and the Redeemer of men.

"'In uniting with this church I promise to give myself to its service, to work for its upbuilding, and to walk with all its members and with all men in a spirit of charity and faithfulness.'"

THE GOLDEN RULE AND THE ABOLITION OF RACIAL PREJUDICE.

THE ethical precept known as the Golden Rule, which is so fundamental a concept of the moral order of the universe that it is found, in one form or another, in nearly every religious code, and in nearly every race and age, formed the text of the recent notable discussion in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, in which Confucian, Jew, and Christian acknowledged its efficacy as a basis of international brotherhood, and as a true guide for the religious, social, and business life. The meeting was under the auspices of an institution founded as a memorial of princely Jewish beneficence—the Baron and Baroness de Hirsch Monument Fund. The exercises began with the singing of the One Hundredth Psalm, followed by responsive readings led by the Rev. Dr. McArthur, of Calvary Baptist Church, from two other Hebrew psalms. A prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, of the Temple Emanu-El. Mr. Wu Ting Fang's address was one of the notable features. He said in part (New York *Times*, March 27):

"Racial prejudice and religious intolerance are two monsters of barbarism. In former days they seemed to stalk hand in hand. They set nation against nation, and people against people. Oh! what a destruction of life and property there was on account of race and religious prejudices! What good came from the Crusades or the Thirty Years' War? Not any; they only inflicted trouble on Christian and Mohammedan alike. The most striking religious persecutions were those of the Huguenots in France and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. After the edict of Nantes 900,000 inhabitants of France sought refuge elsewhere, and the commercial industry of the country was impaired. When the Moors were expelled from Spain that country lost its best agriculturists.

"I might cite many other incidents of olden times. Such things, I am happy to say, will no longer be tolerated in our day. Liberal education and enlightenment have removed prejudice. There are, tho, on the statute books in many countries, laws directed against some people on account of race or religion. This can not be considered satisfactory. The sooner these laws are abolished the better it will be for the people and for mankind in general, as well as for the progress of the nations.

"I can scarcely recall a war between China and her neighbors over religion. During the 4,000 years China has existed she has grown up by building up within and not by accession from without. There need be no fear but that China will fairly meet the Western nations on the question of religious prejudice. Ignorance is the basis of all religious prejudice. Remove the cause by education. Some people have an antipathy for snakes. They consider all snakes venomous. The naturalist acts differently. He goes to the haunts of the snakes and studies their habits. He finds that a few are venomous, but that the greater number are harmless. If he can overcome the prejudice as to snakes there is no reason why we can not overcome the prejudice of race or religion. We can do so by acquainting ourselves with the language, customs, and nature of other peoples. Then our feelings will be correctly modified.

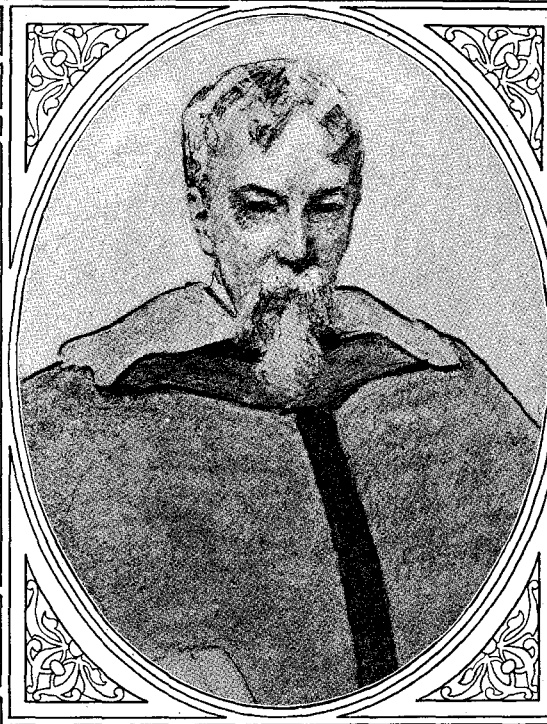
"Among the wise men of ancient times who had the well-being of mankind at heart was Confucius. I am not going to preach Confucianism here. The brotherhood of man was one of his teachings. Confucius found this noble doctrine the common na-

Layman," and the reader's eyes are sharper than ours if he can detect in the original article the special danger concealed beneath this apparently harmless title. As is pointed out by a correspondent who sends us this example of Russian despotism, there have been left one or two phrases which to an ordinary observer might seem more radical than the mild historical statements of the author of the article which have been so hardly dealt with. What happens to The Outlook in Russia we do not know; a friend suggests that the censor would not spare even the *name* of such a pernicious paper, because an outlook is just what the Government does not want the people to get.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

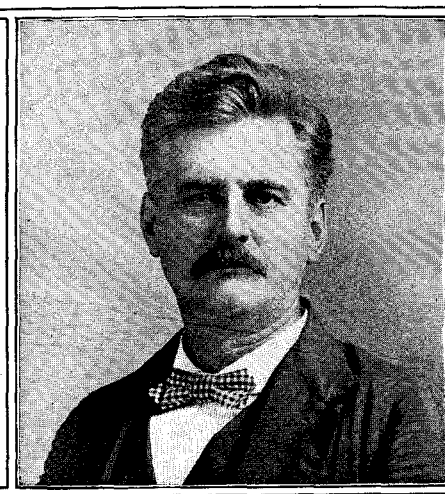
WRITERS of RECENT FICTION

RALPH CONNOR
"The Man from Glengarry."



DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL
"Circumstance." Drawn by Cecilia Beaux.

EGERTON CASTLE
"The Secret Orchard."



B. K. BENSON
"A Friend with the Countersign."

F C G

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARY H. CATHERWOOD
"Lazarre."

FLORENCE WILKINSON
"The Strength of the Hills."

ROBERT BARR
"The Victors."

JOHN URI LLOYD
"Warwick of the Knobs."

STEWART EDWARD WHITE
"The Westerners."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

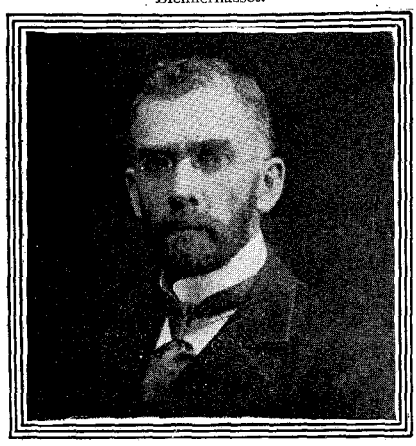
ELIZABETH G. JORDAN
"Tales of the Cloister."

CAROLINE ATWATER MASON
"A Lily of France."

SAMUEL MERWIN
"Calumet K."

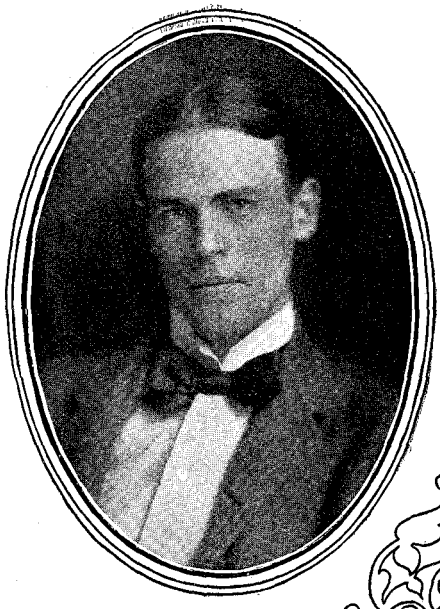
CHARLES F. PIDGIN
"Blennerhasset."

HENRY K. WEBSTER
"Calumet K."



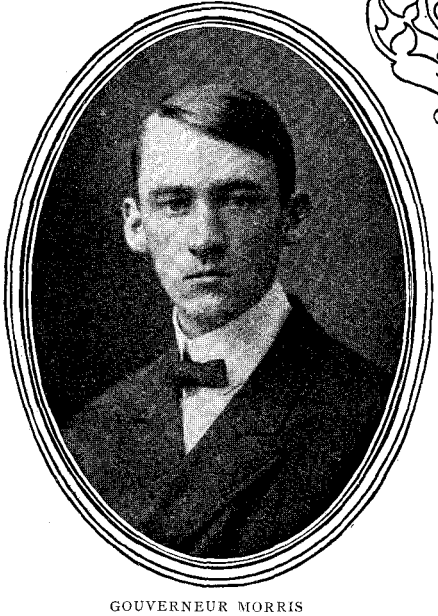
JAMES BALL NAYLOR
"The Sign of the Prophet."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ALFRED HODDER
"The New Americans."

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL
"Punishment of the Stingy."



GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
"Tom Beauling."

F. FRANKFORT MOORE
"A Nest of Linnets."

F.C.G

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

H. Mouravieff.

Drawn by Alfred Houghton Clark.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Visit to Maeterlinck

By Edward A. Steiner

" Whoever turns his outer sense
To see his soul aright;
He hears when no one speaks to him,
Walks seeing through the night."

VERY visitor to Maeterlinck's literary domain sees this Latin motto plainly displayed over the portals. It is rather discouraging to one who, though he be not a professional interviewer, has a longing to see and hear the man whose dramas have led him over new and shadowy paths of human experience, whose philosophical essays have led him into the hushed presence of the unknown God, and who has disclosed to him in a minute study of the bee the order and justice which govern this universe.

Judging him from his somber thoughts, one would imagine Maeterlinck to be a world-tired hermit who had fathomed the depth of all human woe, and who was now living in a lone castle listening to the faint voice within him, a voice which the author has made vibrant, and which has been heard and understood the world over by the elect, who have grown weary of the coarse, metallic voice of the modern realist, who have been frozen by the cold north blast of Ibsen, or been satiated by the sensuousness of the modern French school.

To find Maeterlinck's real environment one has to travel from the highway of pleasure and business to Ghent, an old haunt of the mystics, where earth's sounds are faint upon the streets, although the cobblestones in the pavements have been placed with the noisiest and most pointed part toward the sky. Cabmen, carmen, and even bookmen knew but little of the new glory resting upon their old city, and to find the home where Maeterlinck was born was difficult enough to make even the greatest skeptic believe that the adage about the " prophet in his own country " was spoken by inspired lips.

How little honor Maeterlinck has in his own country is proved by the fact that his photograph could not be found in any art store of his country, and, still greater oblivion, he is not immortalized on a souvenir postal card. This last mournful fact only recent Continental travelers can appreciate.

After exhausting my small stock of Flemish and of change, I found the house, which turns its most prosaic, whitewashed side streetward, and which, like the true mystic, has all its beauty within. Glimpses of green, a ripple of falling water, patches of gay autumn color, birds and bees, the clip-clap of wooden shoes worn by the servants—these were Maeterlinck's environment, into which he was born in 1862.

His parents were pious Roman Catholics, and in the old spirit-haunted cathedral the fancy of the boy first took wing and flew far, far away from the padre's sermon and the monotonous Hail Marys!

Superstitious neighbors said, " The boy has the second sight," and although he did not begin life as a mystic philosopher, but as a plain, realistic lawyer, the superstitious neighbors for once had guessed the truth. Not even in sleepy Brabant has a silent mystic much chance of succeeding in the law, and so the business fell upon a brother and a cousin, who are now on the road to wealth and political fame. Instead of reading his Flemish Blackstone, Maeterlinck read the English Shakespeare and the American Emerson, so that these two authors are much to blame for the fact that Belgium is rid of a poor lawyer and the world the possessor of a dramatist of the highest rank and a philosopher who has kindled a torch which leads men from blatant noise to wholesome silence and from weariness to rest.

I was startled to hear him say the very words spoken to me by many men so different from him: " Emerson was my guide and teacher." Tolstoï, Nietzsche, Hauptmann, and Ibsen have said the same thing; wherever I come into strange lands as a hero-worshiper, the greatest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men have turned my eyes toward Concord, and have uttered the name of Emerson with the reverence of disciples and the gratitude of scholars.

Maeterlinck reflects in his works the international character of his country. Belgium belongs as much to England as to France, and no less to Germany, for not only is the money of these countries current among the people, but their ideas also; and so it happens that Maeterlinck has all the glow and fervor of the Roman, the keen human insight of the Anglo-Saxon, and that peculiar religious mysticism which is a Germanic quality exemplified by Swedenborg, Lavater, Jacob Boehme, and by his own noble countryman Johann Ruysbrock, to whom Maeterlinck has given, not unjustly, the title of Dr. Ecstaticus.

Maeterlinck's cousin, who guided me through the house, showed me the library shelves upon which are crowded the different editions and translations of the author's works. It is interesting to know that the smallest number of editions was printed in France, that England and America rank first, while Germany is slightly ahead of the country in whose language the books were written.

The smallest book is his first work, a volume of poems which he called "Hothouse Plants," very French in form and spirit, disclosing but little originality, and which, like many others who have achieved greatness, he wishes he had never printed. In 1889 he published his first drama, "Princess Maleine," which, like all those that follow it, is wrapped in fatalistic gloom, the power of the over-simple action lying entirely in suggestions of coming peril, in fear of the impending something, be it life or death, and in displaying the sledge-hammer of destiny and holding its victims under it.

Only a few times have his shadowy pictures passed over the stage, then disappeared forever, for not even a metaphysical German audience could stand having its nerve-strings pulled for two hours almost to the breaking-point, without being able to say to itself, "Why is this thus?"

Much of this intense power is due to the phonetic means employed, the repetition of words senseless and meaningless to the superficial reader, falling upon the ear like heavy rhythmic raindrops before a storm, while wind and wave are expressed by speech rather than by the trick machinery of the stage.

Maeterlinck considers his next two dramas his best; one of them is called "The Blind," the other "The Uncalled." In both of them he reaches the sublimest height of his own peculiar art, making mere passing shadows and bloodless creatures call forth in the beholder endless thoughts and indefinable emotions. The late Richard Hovey's translation of his dramas will give the English reader a fair idea of their mystic grandeur, but, depending largely upon the power of euphony as they do, much of their mysterious strength is lost.

As formless as are his dramas are also his essays, in which peculiarity alone we would discover the disciple of Emerson. "Out of one subject have grown two or three," he says; and I was tempted to add, "Ad infinitum." The step from the dramas to the essays was a step from sickness to health.

In his "Treasure of the Humble," a book of thirteen essays, one feels the health coming back, though somewhat slowly. On every page one feels the struggling desire of a great power to flow back into its own soul, and then to express itself about the inexpressible.

His eyes have not the vague look of the clairvoyant and spiritualist, but they seem to say, "We have seen," although the lips of this man cannot convey to you just what. Much more clearly these lips spoke in his last volume of essays, "Wisdom and Destiny." Here he shows himself the victor over the dark fatalism in which he was being engulfed, leaning much more closely on Emerson, "whose optimism is good virus for a sluggish spirit."

"It is not so far from 'Wisdom and Destiny' to 'The Life of the Bee' as you think;" this was said to me in Paris, where the author is now living in an environment detrimental to soul quiet and introspection.

Here, where so many bees kiss the flowers without bringing home the honey, Maeterlinck has brought his queens from their Italian domains, and surrounded them in true cosmopolitan style by courtiers, workers, and idlers from many lands. Every book written about the bee passed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before him, and for the first time in his riper years Maeterlinck saw the things that are, and, with an unsuspected patience, watched his bees day and night as they passed through the window into the flower market by the Madeleine and back again with their load of sweetness. Thus the dramatist and philosopher became a natural scientist; and nowhere have these three characters been so beautifully blended as in this most delightful book, in which the tragedy of the lowly life has received a masterful interpretation, the wisdom of the guiding hand of God is so clearly seen and understood, and the minutest action of a multitude of insects is so perfectly recorded.

Maeterlinck does not make the bee speak; you can always hear his own soft, clear voice; he guides you by his own eye, and his reflections are like prism-flashings here and there.

I was to discuss this book with the author. "But there is nothing to discuss," he pleaded, so I was merciful to my victim, and looked upon his health-glowing face and into his deep, far-seeing eyes, feeling anew the "eloquence of silence." This I learned in that quiet moment: that Maeterlinck's second sight has become clearer still, that his heart has grown quiet, that he sees order in the universe, and the whole world "shot through with righteousness."

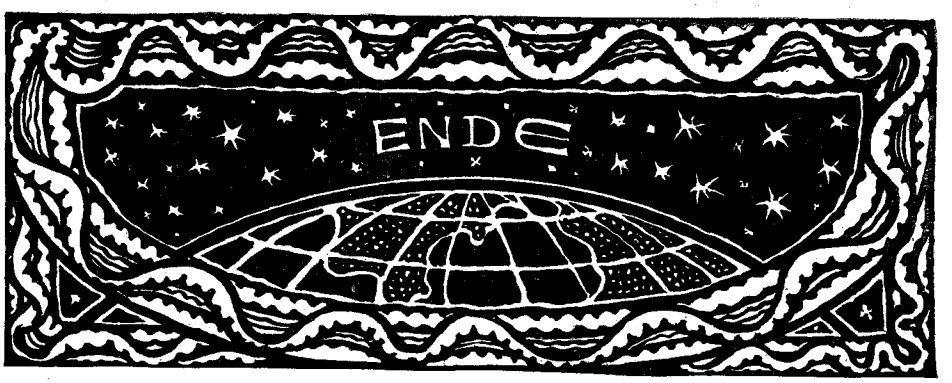
One question I had come to ask—a question which, with its interrogation point, had stuck in my brain ever since I had read his most impressive of all dramas, "The Blind."

A host of despairing, stupefied men walk aimlessly through a forest. They are blind, shaken by the cold, and have lost their way; they want to return to the asylum, and they call piteously after their father and guide—an aged priest who had led them out and now has disappeared. Around them the ocean roars angrily, the storm is beating about their heads, and snow, like a funeral pall, is falling about them.

The priest is among them, but a corpse, and in their terror they cry, but no one answers. A dog is among them, but he knows not the way; a poet gathers flowers, and shares not their woe; at last the babe of an insane woman leads them by its cry. The significance of the drama was rightly guessed by me.

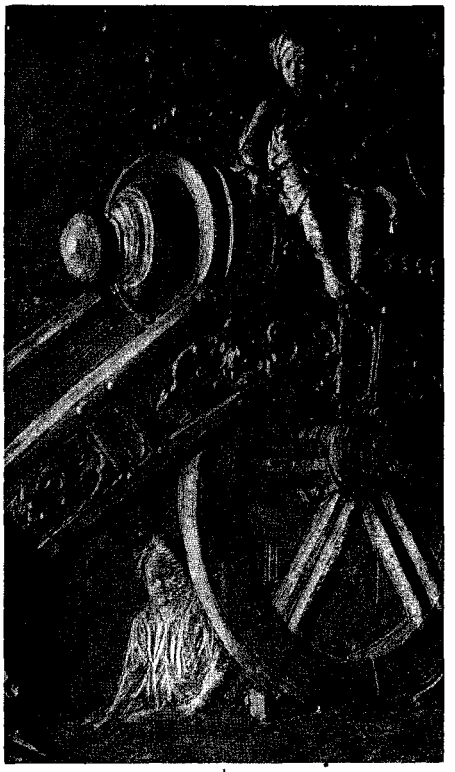
"The Blind" is the symbol of a world which has lost its ancient guide the priest, and is now wandering through the forest of unfaith to the brink of the sea. Nothing can replace the lost guide; the animal instinct which is symbolized by the dog will lead them far astray, the poetic fancy will not reach the depth of woe; nothing can waken the dead priest, nothing can keep death from men and from institutions; but "a little child shall lead them." The question I had come all the way to Paris to ask was this: "Mr. Maeterlinck, did the child lead the blind back to the asylum?" The reply was unsatisfactory. "Each man will answer that question according to his own faith. What is your answer?"

"No," I said; "the child does not lead them back to the asylum, but it leads them to a small and unquiet harbor, and upon a large ship." "And then?" "And then they sail on toward the light." The poet smiled his approval of the answer, and the nameless disturber who had carried a question across the Atlantic and then answered it himself passed on into deserved oblivion.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heroes and Heroines of Recent Fiction



1

1. Rudyard Kipling's "Kim."
A bas-relief in clay by J. L. Kipling.

2. Mary Hamilton—Sarah Orne Jewett's "A Tory Lover."
Drawn by C. H. Woodbury.

3. Mary H. Catherwood's "Lazarre."
Drawn by André Castaigne.

2

3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. Lady Jane—Frances H. Burnett's "The Making of a Marchioness."

2. Lorance and Félix—Bertha Runkle's "Helmet of Navarre." Drawn by André Castaigne.

3. Ellen—Mary E. Wilkins's "The Portion of Labor." Drawn by Jay Hambidge.

4. "Deborah"—James M. Ludlow.

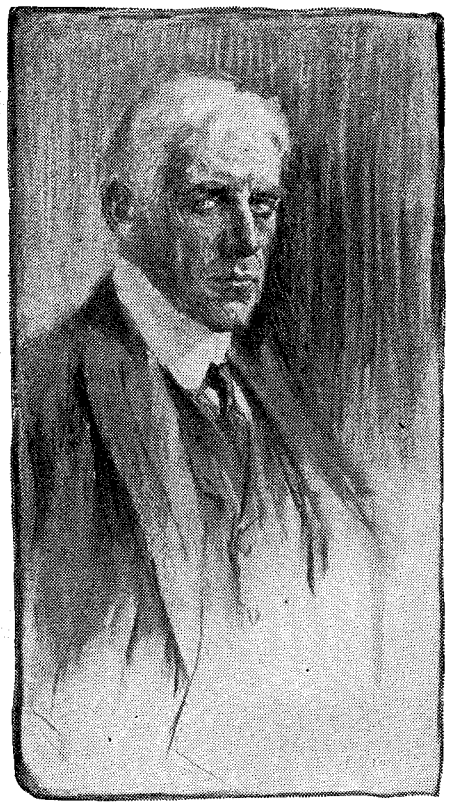
1

2

3

4

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1

1. Raffles—E. W. Hornung's Amateur Cracksman.
Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

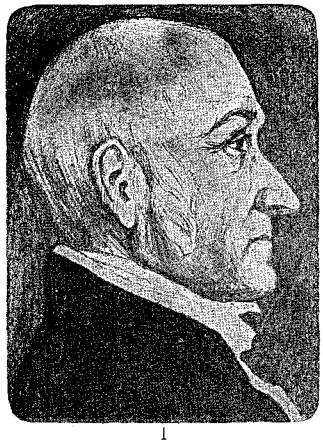
2. Silverheels—R. W. Chambers's "Cardigan."

3. J. Devlin—F. C. Williams's "J. Devlin—Boss."
Drawn by C. Carleton.

2

3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1

1. Joshua—J. U. Lloyd's "Warwick of the Knobs."
2. Nataline—Henry van Dyke's "Ruling Passion."
Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.
3. Ned and Charlotte—George W. Cable's "The Cavalier."
Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.
4. "Sylvia"—Albert Herter's conception.

2

3

4

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN FISKE
Photograph by Pach.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Fiske's Histories[1]

By Lyman Abbott

JOHN FISKE'S ten volumes of American history[1] constitute a continuous and a well-nigh complete history of America, from the earliest times to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States in 1787. The volumes have the defects and the advantages of their origin. Nearly if not all of them were originally delivered as lectures. They contain in occasional summaries repetitions necessary in a course of lectures but not in a continuous history, and occasional colloquialisms in style, more appropriate to the platform than to the printed book; and the chapters have a quasi-independence of one another, to be looked for in lectures, but not in separate chapters of a volume. But the advantages of Mr. Fiske's method of composition fully counterbalance the minor disadvantages. Some books are said to smell of the lamp; these books smack of the platform, and the flavor is excellent. We do not know anything in historical literature quite parallel in this respect to Mr. Fiske's American histories. They are in striking contrast to the histories of Gibbon and Macaulay. Nor do they resemble John Lord's historical lectures; the latter are oratorical, these are conversational. Like Thackeray, Mr. Fiske talks to his readers and tells rather than writes his story. It is partly for this reason that his volumes are such fascinating material for reading aloud.

Four elements enter into historical literature, and its character depends upon their proportion and the manner in which they are fused. The historian must first of all be accurate, he must be conscientious in research and judicial in temper; he must strive above everything else to ascertain and report the facts, whether they appear to confirm or to refute his theories. "I embrace and caress truth," says Montaigne, "in what hand soever I find it, and cheerfully surrender myself, and extend to it my conquered arms, as far off as I can discover it." This is a fine definition of the true historical spirit, the lack of which is a prime defect in the otherwise admirable and always interesting histories of Macaulay and of Froude. The partisanship of the former, the dramatic instincts of the latter, make them sometimes reluctant to receive the truth, or ready to receive without adequate and thorough inquiry a fraudulent pretense whose disguise it should not have been difficult to penetrate. But it is not enough to know and to report the facts. The historian must be an interpreter; he must comprehend the vital meaning of the facts. As literature is an interpretation of life through the imagination, so history is an interpretation of life through the observation. The historian is more than an annalist, more than a dry reporter of events in their chronological order. It is not enough to tell us that the battle of Marston Moor was fought on a certain day between Puritans and Cavaliers; we must know who the Puritans and the Cavaliers were, and what they stood for. The historian, therefore, must be a dramatist; not, indeed, using history as Shakespeare used it, for dramatic purposes, but seeing the drama in each event, and so narrating the event as to make his reader see its dramatic meaning. Life is composed not merely of outward circumstances; it is the interplay of soul on soul—a current whose swirls and eddies are the product of conflicting human wills intermingling, modifying, clashing with each other. The historian must comprehend this real life, discover these motives, unmask the men whose story he tells, disrobe them of their aliases which they have assumed, or which have been put upon them by others. Nor is this enough to make a great historian. Again, history is more than a series of outward events; it is also more than a series of successive dramas. Behind the events are human purposes; behind the human purposes is a divine will working out, in strange ways and despite recalcitrant instruments, a great design. Mr. Fiske, in narrating certain events in the Virginia colony, thus states this truth with rare

[1] *The Discovery of America*, 2 vols. *Old Virginia and Her Neighbours*, 2 vols. *The Beginnings of New England*, 1 vol. *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*, 2 vols. *The American Revolution*, 2 vols. *The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789*, 1 vol. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vigor of faith and simplicity of expression: "In the unfolding of these events there is poetic beauty and grandeur as the purpose of the Infinite wisdom reveals itself in its cosmic process, slowly but inexorably, hasting not but resting not, heedless of the clashing aims and discordant cries of short-sighted mortals, sweeping their tiny efforts into its majestic current, and making all contribute to the fulfillment of God's will." It is because Augustine saw this truth so clearly that his history of "The City of God" is a classic, despite the lack of the scientific spirit and the dramatic instinct; it is because Gibbon did not see it at all, but could discover in the birth-pains of a new and Christian civilization in Europe nothing but the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, that his history is fatally defective, despite painstaking research and dramatic and literary genius. Finally, the historian must have a style which will enable him to communicate to others the results of his historical research, his dramatic insight, and his philosophical understanding. Without this his volumes may be valuable, but they will not be interesting. Dullness is deadly; and if the history is dull, be it never so valuable, like Bancroft's History of the United States it may get upon the shelves of every reputable library, but, like Bancroft's History, it will remain there, occasionally referred to but rarely read.

John Fiske, as a historian, possesses in an eminent degree these four qualities.

It is true that there is little indication that Mr. Fiske has made for these histories any of that kind of original research which makes itself apparent in the work of Motley, Stubbs, Green, Gardiner, and Winsor. He has not brought to light material before either absolutely unknown or wholly inaccessible, as Dr. Pastor has done in his recent History of the Popes. The volumes were written, so far as appears, in this country, and the sources were found in the libraries at Cambridge, Mass., and Washington, D. C. But in the use of these libraries no pains has been spared; the latest accessible materials have been found and full use has been made of them; they have been studied with an unprejudiced temper; and, what is more important to the general reader, their real significance, and their bearing on the characters whom Mr. Fiske is portraying and on the history which he is narrating, are well interpreted. Illustrations of this wise use of manuscripts which others have unearthed are afforded by Mr. Fiske's account of the letters sent by the Spanish Ambassador in London to his royal master at Madrid, discovered and published by Alexander Brown, and of the manuscript records of the Virginia Company, now in the Congressional Library, and by his interpretation of the significance of both. Equally striking illustrations of his painstaking inquiry into a historical problem, and his keen judicial temper in weighing the respective merits of conflicting records, are furnished by his admirable story of the life of John Smith, whom he succeeds in transforming from the realm of legend to that of history, and in succoring from the charges of his enemies, which have been given a too ready credence by certain historians, chiefly for the reason that the charges were incorporated in official documents.

It is not, however, as a discoverer but as an interpreter that John Fiske is preeminent. His sympathies are unconcealedly and unreservedly democratic. His statement that Jefferson "was in his way a much more profound thinker than Hamilton, though he had not such a constructive genius as the latter," sufficiently indicates his political point of view. The reader who compares Mr. Fiske's account of the preliminary events which led up to the American Revolution with that furnished by Goldwin Smith in his "History of the United States," or the portraits of Samuel Adams furnished by the two historians, will perhaps think, as we do, that Mr. Fiske overestimates the self-restraint of the New England colonists, if he does not overstate the wrongs which they suffered. But if the reader still further compares the two histories with the accounts furnished of that epoch by Sir George Trevelyan in his "American Revolution," and by Lecky in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," he will probably conclude that Mr. Fiske is far nearer the truth in his estimates of events and far less prejudiced in his estimates of men than Goldwin Smith. As a reader of men Mr. Fiske appears to us to be unsurpassed. He neither deifies George Washington nor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vilifies Benedict Arnold. In all his portrayal of men he is himself intensely human.

Nor is it in depicting dramatic events and in analyzing dramatic character alone that Mr. Fiske's insight appears; his broad human sympathies appear equally in his general understanding of contrasted types of character, such as the Puritans in New England and the Cavaliers and their camp-followers in Virginia. He believes in freedom of speech; he has no appetite for a Puritan theocracy; he admires Roger Williams; but he sees good reason for the exclusiveness of the Massachusetts colonists, and he declines to stigmatize them as bigoted because they would not allow religious dissension in their community at a time when men had not yet learned to act together in the State if they differed from one another in their theology. He appreciates and shares the humane sentiments which characterize our later civilization; but he is also able to realize the conditions which confronted the early colonists, and to write: "As a matter of practical policy the annihilation of the Pequots can be condemned only by those who read history so incorrectly as to suppose that savages whose business is to torture and slay can always be dealt with according to the methods in use between civilized peoples." At the same time he insists that "a mighty nation, like the United States, is in honor bound to treat the red man with scrupulous justice, and refrain from cruelty in punishing his delinquencies." In short, his dominating sense of respect for humanity, which makes him temperamentally a democrat, never degenerates into sentimentalism, and his vital faith in what the nineteenth century stands for never causes him to forget that the seventeenth century was not the nineteenth. "It was a day of dungeons, whipping-posts, and thumb-screws, when slight offenders were maimed and bruised, and great offenders cut into pieces." It is only as the historian of New England understands this spirit of the seventeenth century that he can understand either the Inquisition in Spain or the punishments inflicted by the Puritans in New England.

This instinctive sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, which is the source of the true dramatic temper, is mixed in John Fiske with an evolutionary philosophy which is profoundly though not often professedly religious. The two types of men represented in theology by the Arminian and the Calvinist are represented in history by the biographer and the philosopher. The former sees men and their actions, the latter law and its operations. To Thomas Carlyle "Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here." To John William Draper, on the other hand, the great events of history come upon us in an unavoidable and inevitable way, and are due far more to precedent events and environing soil and climate than to any wit or wisdom, folly or wickedness, of men. John Fiske's dramatic sympathies give to him something of Carlyle's biographical view of history, his evolutionary philosophy gives to him something of Draper's philosophical view of history, and he finds—at least this is our understanding of his position—the reconciliation of the two in the faith that the laws of nature are the laws of an Infinite Wisdom, which reveals itself in the progress of events, and makes all things contribute at last to the fulfillment of the divine will. It may be said that Mr. Fiske was an evolutionist before he was a historian; but to him evolution is not the irresistible and glacier-like movement of a blind and passionless fate coercing men whose imagined freedom is a fantasy of egotistical brains; it is the work of an intelligent, purposeful, and beneficent Designer, accomplishing his designs through intelligent and free moral beings, whose better purposes he guides and reinforces, whose evil purposes he thwarts and overrules.

If we are right in thinking that these four elements enter into and combine to make the truly great historian—painstaking research for the truth, dramatic interpretation of character, clear conception of the laws of human progress and the issues of human life, and vividness of style in so portraying events that both their human and their divine significance are apparent—then John Fiske, though perhaps surpassed in certain of these qualities by other writers, in the combination of them all deserves to rank among the foremost of the world's historians.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
Drawn from life by Alfred Houghton Clark.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Dean Howells

BORN in the Central West when Ohio was still a Western State, Mr. Howells represents a democratic type of Americanism. Lowell, Hawthorne, Holmes, were bred in a democratic community, but under aristocratic intellectual traditions; they were lovers of the best; devout believers in the right of the elect in mind, manners, and character to rule. They loved and honored man, but shrank a little from men. Mr. Howells is filled with a deep and passionate sympathy for men; the sadness of the world penetrates his spirit; the sorrows of the race mingle with his life.

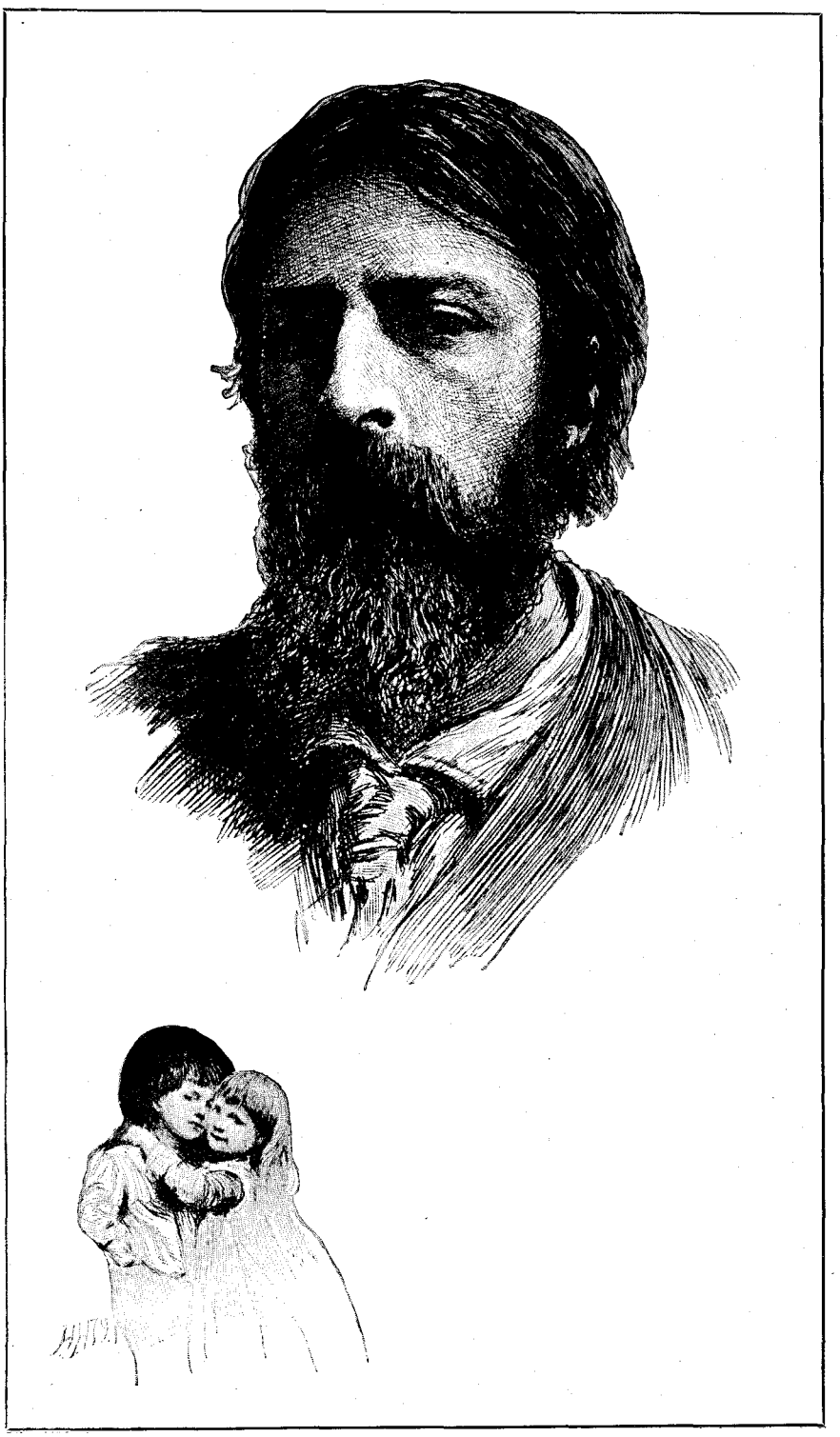
This tender and brooding compassionateness rarely appears in his fiction. In the story he has more than once touched the deeper problems of life; but his interests as an artist are largely with manners, with types of character which bear the special impress of contemporary social conditions. His touch is so light and deft that its delicacy conceals, in a way, the deep seriousness of his temper; his humor is so pervasive, his appreciation of the foibles, weaknesses, and idiosyncrasies of men, and especially of women, so keen that his delicate art often charms rather than moves us. His tools are somewhat too fine for the heavy work of great character-portraiture. One often feels as if his talent were less rich and deep than his nature. The reader of insight will not, however, fail to discover that this sensitive and charming writer has, behind his light and graceful manner, analytical power of a high order, resolute love of the fact, and a true instinct for portraiture. He shrinks from the tumult of the great passions, from the corruption which is involved in the great tragedies; he delights in the delicate gradations of traits and characteristics, in the shadings of manners.

He is a radical democrat in sympathy as well as in faith, but in mind, manner, intellectual quality, he has the charm and grace of the old order. His work has the finish of long and devout familiarity with the best modern models, and resolute and loyal practice of his art as it came from the hands of the best modern masters. He has wide acquaintance with modern literatures; he is on terms of easy acquaintance with Spanish, French, Italian, and German books. Here again the democratic temper of his mind is apparent; for classical literature is saturated with aristocratic feeling.

Mr. Howells's unflinching loyalty to his conception of the function and form of fiction is part of his determination to find dramatic interest in persons rather than situations, in normal and average unfoldings of character rather than in striking and unusual revelations of what is in life. He will have nothing to do with any kind of art which does not instantly disclose its loyalty to what he regards as the fact; and in his view the fact, whatever its apparent value, is full of artistic possibilities because it has a vital relation to men. Cherishing and practicing the most careful and delicate art, Mr. Howells often follows his artistic instinct in his fiction, but discloses the passion of his spirit in his poetry, and the intensely modern direction of his sympathy in his criticism both of art and of life. The charm of his personality does not mask the depth and intensity of his ethical convictions; under his modesty and gentleness there are great moral earnestness and high moral courage.

Of late Mr. Howells has broadened the scope of his work and has become a critic of life at a time when the country sorely needs the disinterested spirit, the uncommercial view, the breadth of observation of a man who has grown ripe in the study of men and of manners, and in the practice of art. It is a matter of small consequence whether we are always in agreement with him; it is a matter of prime consequence that he has modestly taken up the leadership which literature has always maintained in this country, and is speaking, as Emerson, Lowell, and Curtis spoke, out of a deep love for the people, but free alike from any desire to flatter or any tendency to fear them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

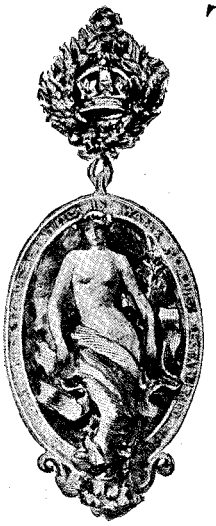


HUBERT VON HERKOMER AND HIS CHILDREN
By himself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUBERT VON HERKOMER

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN



PRESIDENT'S BADGE
WATER-COLOR SOCIETY

THE appearance as one of the finest art books of this season of Mr. A. L. Baldry's biography and critical appreciation of Hubert von Herkomer may add a special interest to the following account of the English artist's personality, methods of work, and characteristics as a painter. The illustrations which accompany this article are reproduced from Mr. Baldry's book through the courtesy of the Macmillan Company, New York.

The charm of London life lies not so much in London as in the country immediately about it. An especial realization of this came to the writer fifteen years ago in journeying with Mr. Herman Herkomer, the well-known portrait-painter, out to Bushey to visit the latter's cousin, a better-known portrait-painter. Of all London suburbs, Bushey is one of the best; and of all English painters, one of the best worth knowing is Mr. Hubert von Herkomer. The "von" shows that he is a German subject again. His grateful Kaiser has ennobled him. In 1888 Mr. Herkomer married a sister of his first wife, and, in order to avoid clashing with the "deceased wife's sister" law, had to resume his rights as a German citizen, which in boyhood he had forfeited in becoming naturalized as a British subject.

Bushey is in Hertfordshire, near Watford, sixteen miles from London on the Northwestern road. It is a pleasant journey, past Willesden and Sudbury and Harrow-on-the-Hill with its famous school, and Pinner also with its school more showy but less famous. Bushey village is neat and attractive, and Bushey Park is close at hand. One does not walk long before coming to a noble château. It fits perfectly with the landscape. So cunningly constructed is "Lululaund" that it does not appear as new as it is. Mr. Herman Herkomer told us that Richardson himself had given architectural form to the building. As one might fancy from Richardson's works in this country, the result is a free adaptation of the Romanesque. The house is built of a light limestone combined with a red sandstone, recalling features of American, English, and German buildings. This international combination, a record of family history, indeed, is exactly what its owner wished to bring about; in this respect the interior is more remarkable than is the exterior, for it is a record in stone, wood, metal, canvas, paper, silk, and wool of family abilities.

When we entered, we found two white-haired, apple-cheeked old men engaged on some carving in the hall. They were Herman's father and Hubert's father. They had spent laborious years in Germany and America, but now, in the evening of their days, were serenely decorating the balustrade of the main hall. They were decorating what is really a memorial of their family.

The one undecorated room in the house is the studio. Here we found the master. As soon as we saw him we felt that we were meeting an American, not an Englishman; there was a restless energy about him which typified our younger civilization. His every word and gesture instantly showed constant craving for something to do. As conversation progressed, the artist spoke of a dozen different projects in as many minutes. We marveled how he could finish any of them. New plans seemed always springing up in his vivid fancy to smother those already conceived. At every moment the portrait-painter, the water-colorist, the enameler, the engraver, the etcher, the black-and-white draughtsman, the teacher, the lecturer, the professor, the musician, the composer, the stage-manager, seemed struggling within him for some expression of their individual selves. Yet some of these activities were regarded by him only as restful changes from other work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PORTRAIT OF MISS KATHARINE GRANT
(The Lady in White)

In this way he had produced a pictorial music-play called "An Idyl," himself composing and scoring the music. He had built a little theater, and selected a company from his own students at Bushey. He himself had acted as stage-manager, and played one of the leading parts; at this theater performances have frequently taken place for the benefit of the local village Nurse Fund. He has even written an opera. In that very year of our visit a high honor had come to him, namely, his election as Professor of Art at Oxford, a post long filled by Ruskin. Mr. Herman Herkomer had done a capital portrait of his cousin in cap and gown, and the portrait was hanging in the studio at Lululaund. As we looked at the portrait and then at the subject, we wondered how the apparently frail physique could carry out all that it had to carry out.

In this tumultuous trend toward versatility, and also in his incessant activity, Professor von Herkomer is a modern Leonardo da Vinci; but he is equally so in his indomitable will. His art-instinct finds expression in music, an inheritance from his mother, and in the love of pictorial art, which he inherits from his father.

The next thing to impress us was the master's sympathy with his subject in hand. Some one, looking at the portrait

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a lady which then happened to hang upon the studio wall, said that the face was "pretty," and a weary expression passed over the painter's countenance; another onlooker, however, protested, "Not pretty—glorious!" and his eyes instantly flashed appreciation. This likeness was that of Miss Katharine Grant. It has attracted more attention than any other Herkomer portrait. It has been exhibited at the various European capitals, and everywhere has made a great stir. Its creator had already taken rank as an illustrator, water-color painter, etcher, and engraver. He now showed himself to be both a strong and an original portrait-painter. Robed in a white dress, Miss Grant sits against a white background. Some time afterwards the painter accomplished a master-stroke, even more noteworthy from a technical standpoint, namely, in painting black against black. His subject was Miss Silsbee, of Boston. Miss Grant's likeness shows its painter's subtlest power, intuition. In a dozen branches of his profession he has achieved success by leaps and bounds. Lesser men criticise his work harshly; he has "arrived" and they have not. He is infinitely quicker than they to see any suggestion in any subject and to respond to it. His manipulation is entirely dependent upon the characteristics of the sitter. Both in handling and in tonality his portraits suggest a freedom from the mechanism which hampers most artists.

The conversation was all Herkomer. There was no egotism, but only egoism, in the master's talk. The enthusiasm of that slight figure with its expressive gestures enveloped the whole company in its contagion. The artist's work was so splendid to him, and he knew that it was so interesting to us, that he dropped society conventions and reticences. He not only "talked shop," he talked it all the time. He frankly told us about himself and his family, but, above all, about his art. All three were worth while. We no more thought of egotism than we do in reading Mr. Riis's "Making of an American."

All this was a contrast to the usual British reserve. The writer had just been spending some time at Oxford, where it was considered bad form to give vent to enthusiasm on any subject. Even if enthusiasm were felt, one must simulate indifference. All at once, he realized at Bushey that he was not talking with an Englishman after all, but with one who, by birth and temperament, was a German, and a South German at that. The artist is un-English not only in manner but in matter. In freeing himself from the ordinary devices and rules of painting, he belongs to the South rather than to the North. There is nothing of the traditional, there is even little of the scientific, about his touch. It must be spontaneous, unmechanical, or else it is not his.

As we passed along from portrait to portrait—some of which are bound to become monuments of value in history, as they are in art—our host remarked: "No history can be fully told without the aid of painting: we artists hold history in our hands, so to speak, by painting the men who make history." This is certainly true of latter-day England; it has been illustrated by Hubert von Herkomer. His first portrait to make a sensation was that of Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent. This was followed by portraits of Ruskin, of Dr. Thompson, and of others. The Herkomer success became not only undoubted but overwhelming, and the artist was besieged by requests from all parts of England. At the Academy Exhibition of 1888, for instance, he was represented by no less than seven portraits, among which five have become the acknowledged best portraits of their subjects—those of Sir John Pender; of Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, Cambridge; of Lord Peel, then Speaker of the House of Commons; of Lord Herschell, and of Dr. Temple, now Archbishop of Canterbury. In the same year he also painted an exquisite portrait of Mrs. Gladstone, a reproduction of which appeared in The Outlook in connection with Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Life of Gladstone." Of the later portraits perhaps the most remarkable are those of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Rhodes, the late Professor Max Müller, Lords Roberts and Kitchener. All these likenesses are as sincere as they are dignified, and each has that aristocratic quality which one finds in the work of Van Dyke, namely, distinction. Few painters of so many portraits have ever better individualized their subjects. The latest have been Bishop

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Creighton and the present German Emperor. They are specially notable because they are enamels, and not alone from this fact, but also because they form a new departure in enamel painting. Each portrait is highly decorative, and each, in the words of the artist, gives him a chance to unite all his aptitudes.

Nearly fifty years ago Johann Herkomer emigrated from Bavaria to America, and induced his brother Lorenz to follow his example. They tried to earn a living, first in New York, then at Rochester, and then at Cleveland. There they carved wood and they painted occasional portraits, and their wives gave lessons in music. Despite all, the brothers suffered more from poverty in America than they had suffered in Germany, and they also suffered from the sudden changes in our climate. Then Lorenz took his wife and child to England, and in Southampton endeavored to eke out a living by making picture-frames and restoring paintings. The child had delicate health, and was fourteen years old before he received any conventional school-teaching. He became a student at the local school of art, and then went through the South Kensington School. His greatest aid to fortune was his introduction to the London "Graphic," which took all his best drawings at a good price. In an old file of that journal may be found a drawing of the "Chelsea Pensioners in Church," the first idea for the picture which later was to put him in the front rank of painters. He was now able to spend his summers in beloved Bavaria, and became so successful that when only twenty-three he was settled in a house of his own. Twenty years ago, however, when he had become sufficiently affluent, he decided that the moment had arrived for starting two schemes long in his mind. One was to build a residence; another was to create an art school.

We have seen the residence, and have come back to where Hubert's father and uncle were still working in the great hall. As we pass out, we note the low buildings of the art school. Regarding it, the master's notion was, first, that his authority must be absolute, and, second, that no payment for his own services would be asked. The result of these principles has been admirable. To use his own words, his school is "for the suppression of the art student;" in other words, to discourage dabblers and mechanical workers, but to develop strong individualities.

THE CHAPEL OF THE CHARTERHOUSE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTHORS & AUTHORSHIP

SOME time ago it was announced that Mr. Gilbert Parker would write no more novels dealing with life in French Canada. "The Right of Way" seems to contradict that statement. We now learn that this romance was prepared before "The Lane That Had No Turning" was written. That book was published a year ago. Mr. Parker may be said definitely to have "arrived," if the sales of his latest novel are any indication. Within a fortnight of the publication of "The Right of Way," it was reported that its sales had exceeded those, during the same period, of such very popular books as "Trilby" and "Eleanor." This is remarkable success for a man not yet forty years old. Mr. Parker's first series of sketches were collected and published in book form under the title "Pierre and His People," and have delighted readers in America and also in Europe, where the book is very popular. Mr. Parker's first complete novel, however, became to him so unsatisfactory that he finally had it withdrawn from circulation. Then appeared "Mrs. Falchion," "The Trespasser," "The Translation of a Savage," "The Trail of the Sword," "A Romany of the Snows," "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Pomp of the Lavalettes," and "The Battle of the Strong."

The announcement that Dr. Maurus Jókai is shortly to bring out another new novel fills his admirers with delightful anticipation—and the Hungarian novelist can count his admirers by thousands all over the world. Especially do those admirers who love to discover Dickens in Jókai hope for a succession to "A Szegény Gazdagok" (The Poor Plutocrats). Two of the characters in this strong novel remind one at many a turn of Miggs and of Sampson Brass. The novel showed the Hungarian's power in making even technicalities interesting. As Gladstone had the ability to put poetry into the dry bones of a budget's speech, so did Jókai into his account of the coinage-mills in this book.

The interesting news comes from London that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress, is about sailing for this country, and will make her initial appearance in the rôle of Magda. This character exactly fits the realistic intellectualism of this actress. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been playing the part with great success at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in Paris, and Fräulein Hedwig Lange may be seen in the same rôle at the Irving Place Theater, New York City. In creating the rôle of Magda Herr Hermann Sudermann showed himself perhaps the greatest master of our time in naturalistic tragedy. To the climax of the third act this tragedy has a Goethean, "unhasting, unresting" movement; yet so subtle is the dramatist's skill that the fourth act is sustained throughout without a break on its high level of clear vision and firm, exact touch. Herr Sudermann is not only a clever and powerful realistic dramatist, he is a vigorous although a gloomy force in the solution of the social and philosophical questions of our day and of all time. If he is a pessimist, he is at least a high-minded pessimist.

Concerning Mrs. Campbell's American tour, Mr. Malcolm Watson, in the "St. James Gazette," indulges in the hope that she "will return with her charm and distinction unspoiled. When our leading actresses tour the States, we always part with them with something of a pang. So many clever players have gone to America full of power and promise, and have returned coarsened in voice and style. The delicate art which lovers of good acting admire in London does not appeal to America. Over there something fuller in flavor and more robust seems to be demanded. So our most charming performers have often returned to us vulgarized, with the bloom knocked off them, and with harsh voices and more violent gesture. We and they are the losers. Let us hope that Mrs. Campbell will be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an exception. Her style is so individual and so absolutely her own that it would be fatal to adulterate it by concessions to transatlantic requirements." It will be interesting to learn just why Mr. Watson puts forth this warning. How much did their American experiences harm Fanny Kemble or Adelaide Neilson? How much has America detracted from the charm of Miss Terry? So far from agreeing with Mr. Watson, we believe that English actresses have gained not only in vigor but also in refinement and delicacy.

In France it is expected that the great novel of the autumn will be "L'Oblat," by M. Joris Karl Huysmans. It will continue the story of "En Route." M. Huysmans has been preparing the book at the Abbey of Ligugé, a Benedictine monastery. The novelist has been living there during the past three years, but has now abandoned his "comforting cell," as he calls it, for the Benedictines are apparently as resolved as are the Jesuits in refusing to bow before the civil authority, as required by the new Associations Law. Belgium, that "old clothes-basket" for Boulangism or Benedictinism, will now become a refuge-land for the monks; but thither M. Huysmans refuses to follow them. Even Paris, he thinks, would be tolerable under such conditions; he could at least take refuge in Notre-Dame or Saint Severin if the hum of the "autos" and "locos" becomes too strident. The novelist declares, however, that his future home will be in the remotest corner of the right bank of the Seine. M. Huysmans's peregrinations promise to become as interesting as those of a good many of his heroes. Indeed, one will vainly search in "Là-Bas" or "La Cathédrale" for any character as picturesque as is he himself. He is the great latter-day depicter of monasticism, the cathedral and the society which clusters around a cathedral. He may not be a just delineator, regarded from the Roman Catholic or any other standpoint, but he is a force in literature and society to be reckoned with. One reads Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris," and then descends to M. Zola's "Rêve," as pictures of society affected by the Church, and then—shall we say?—descends again to the works of M. Huysmans. The books of all three authors might be called cathedral studies in naturalism. M. Huysmans's books, however, outdistance any others in their revelations of the weird, the mysterious, and of the sordidly petty. Indeed, one cannot compare the Huysmans novels with those of any other author; they are at once more nervous, more melancholy, and more incoherent—we had almost said more morbid, so evident on every page is their author's insatiable and at times unhealthy and decadent curiosity. When all is said, however, his fearfully frank description of the soul's evolution from sensuality to spirituality is unparalleled in the history of psychologic literature.

In the last week of October, by a majority of three to one, Mr. Hall Caine was elected a member of the House of Keys, the lower house of the Parliament of the Isle of Man. Mr. Caine is descended from Manxmen, and has spent many years on the Isle of Man. His home there is known as Greeba Castle, and is a beautiful place. Mr. Caine has done a great deal for the island. He has written a good short history of it, and the scenes in half of his novels (the better half) are laid there. For the next seven years he will legislate as well for the island. The House of which he will form a part consists of twenty-four members, elected by the property-owners of the island. The Upper House is made up of the Council or Cabinet of the Governor. The Governor is appointed by the Crown. The Governor and the two Houses constitute the Court of Tynwald, or Manx Parliament. For its every enactment approval of the King is necessary, and no legislation at Westminster is operative in the Isle of Man unless that island is specially named in the laws themselves. Thus the Imperial Parliament at Westminster is not the only British Parliament. In addition to the Manx there are two parliaments in the Channel Islands, namely, at Jersey and Guernsey. The Manx Parliament has had a long and honorable history. No one seems to know when it was instituted, but it is known that early in the fifteenth century the Parliament was remodeled.

Perhaps the most interesting of forthcoming foreign publications to Americans

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will be Mr. Vignaud's study of Columbus. Mr. Vignaud has long been the First Secretary of the United States Legation at Paris. The investigation of the sources of the early history of America has been his lifelong occupation, and has won for him the vice-presidency of the Americanist Society in France. Concerning his new work the author says that for four hundred years we have been deceived by a fraud, which has hidden from us the real inception of the great project of Columbus. Mr. Vignaud claims that the documents ascribed to Toscanelli, the erudite Florentine astronomer, were a fabrication. In particular, Mr. Vignaud declares that Toscanelli never wrote the famous letter of 1474 to King Alfonso of Portugal, and never traced the chart which was alleged to have accompanied it. In other words, the project of Columbus which resulted in the discovery of a new world was not based on any such scientific information. Mr. Vignaud's book is written in French. We hope that he will also publish it in English.

At the recent Bangs sale of rare books in New York City two items attracted special attention. The first comprised four numbers of "The Germ," the periodical put forth half a century ago by the Pre-Raphaelites, Rossetti, Hunt, Millais, and the rest, who published in this form some of their "Thoughts toward Nature in Poetry, Literature, and Art." There are now but a few copies of "The Germ" in existence. This particular item was sold for three hundred and sixty dollars. The numbers had been bound by no less distinguished an amateur than Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, and he had of course included with the actual text all the original wrappers and advertisements. The principal reason why this item brought so high a price was that it bore Rossetti's autograph, and also had inserted between two pages a manuscript poem by him, together with a list in his own handwriting of "Germ" contributors. It was also worthy of note that in one of the four numbers appeared Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel." The second item, Shelley's "Alastor," one of the rarest of his books, sold at exactly the same price as did "The Germ."

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy is nothing if not original both in manner and matter. Contrary to the usual procedure, he has dramatized his novel on François Villon before publishing it in book form. The volume will shortly appear. Villon's career affords tempting opportunities to the romancer, and the play, "If I Were King," founded on Mr. McCarthy's novel, is crowded with dramatic episodes and scenes of adventure. Mr. Sothern has been playing the part of Villon, and Miss Cecilia Loftus that of the heroine. The American publishers of the romance have decided to illustrate it with pictures of Mr. Sothern and other members of his company as they appear in their various parts.

A London correspondent of "Town and Country" states that he has learned the name of the author of "Elizabeth in Her German Garden." She is, he asserts, Madame von Arnim, née Beauchamp, an English lady who married a German, the son of Count von Arnim, whose controversy with Bismarck a dozen or more years ago will be remembered by many people. The correspondent adds: "Madame von Arnim spends most of her time in Germany, but manages to see a little of her native country every year. She has actually made a fortune out of the book, which was rejected by at least six publishers before it was accepted by the Macmillans, and to this day the modest, clever woman does not know why people still rave over her most delightful work."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN AMERICA

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

THIS series of articles is the result of a trip through a portion of the United States, undertaken at the request of The Outlook. It is not the record of scientific investigation. All possibility of any result at all scientific was at once eliminated by these two conditions of the trip—on the one hand, the field, covering eighteen States of the Union scattered through a territory bounded by Canada, the Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Rocky Mountains; on the other hand, the time, scarcely more than three months. Neither does this series of articles touch directly the deeper spiritual life of the American people. That there is such deeper spiritual life may, I think, be fairly inferred from the facts here to be recorded, and its nature may in some degree be at least surmised; but it would be presumption to suppose that in three months that could be discovered in a nation by a traveler which in an individual may be hidden for years from the closest friend. Besides, it will be readily understood by the readers of these articles that it is generally the most significant personal experiences which are not subject for public discussion. We must, then, be content, my readers and I, with certain deliberately accepted limitations: we must not expect to find anything which lies much below the surface, and we must not count on establishing any great conclusion by scientific method. Whatever value these articles will have must consist in the fact that they are a record of occurrences pertaining to religion in America in the first year of the twentieth century, as they were observed, and therefore interpreted, by some one of no great learning or discernment.

Fryeburg, Me., October 29, 1901. *E. H. A.*

I.

The Workingman and the Church

WHEN I reached Baltimore, four facts were especially associated in my mind with that city: that it is the center of Roman Catholicism in America; that it is the seat of Johns Hopkins University; that it is famous for the beauty and *mise élégante* of its women; and that it is to terrapin and wild duck what Paris is said to be to Americans—the place to which they are sure to go if they are good. It was, therefore, one of the last places I should have chosen to go to in order to study industrial problems.

I did stop at Baltimore for the purpose of getting some information from the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church and incidentally of seeing the President of the University; as a matter of fact, I remained several days because of the acquaintance I made with workingmen of the city. Most unexpectedly, my visit to Baltimore resulted in my getting one of the points of view of the organized laborers for which I had no such chance in any other place.

The General Secretary of the Baltimore Young Men's Christian Association put me in the way of meeting a number of men connected with the labor unions of Baltimore. This fact did not occasion in me such surprise as it would have if it had occurred later in my trip, for generally I found the secretaries of these Associations out of touch (though I believe not out of sympathy) with the workingmen. Here, however, as in one or two other places, I found an exception—a man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of evident good breeding, strong personality, businesslike ways, broad sympathies, alert mind—the kind of true gentleman we Americans are proud to think only a democracy can produce. It was merely by chance that I happened to go to the Association, and when I had met the Secretary, again it was merely by chance that in conversation I inquired about the relation of the workingmen of Baltimore to the Association. He confessed that there were but few workingmen among the members. Naturally, not many men who worked all day with their hands would be likely to care for exercise in the gymnasium. A few every year took advantage of the evening classes. Almost none were engaged in the distinctively religious work of the Association. This was a matter of concern to him. That it was due to indifference on his part was contradicted by his whole spirit. The very fact that our conversation naturally turned to the subject of the religious feeling of the workingman was sufficient proof of that. There seemed to be a chasm between the Association and the workingman which no devising on his part had yet succeeded in bridging. How naturally the workingmen would be found on the one side of this chasm and the Association on the other was brought out by what this Secretary told me of a political controversy then still unsettled.

There was in Baltimore a rather strict Sunday law. It forbade almost all sales on Sunday; it not only prohibited the sale of liquor, but also of cigars, soda-water, and newspapers at the small shops. For some time that part of the law pertaining to the small shops had remained unenforced. Then began a movement for general enforcement of law—one of those spasms of public virtue characteristic of America—and these small shops were shut up. Thereupon came this curious division of public sentiment. On the one side were the labor unions and what is called the plain people, who desired that that part of the law which pertained to the small shops should be repealed. On the other side were the churches and the ministers and the Young Men's Christian Association, who desired to maintain the law on the statute-books unchanged. Here was an issue distinctly joined between what we may call the religious party and the unreligious party. The significance of the issue is in the motives which lay behind the two positions. The religious party did not have any animosity toward the small shops, in fact they were not by any means united that the shops should be closed; but they were concerned in the preservation of an institution—the Puritan Sabbath—and feared the weakening of the law that maintained that institution, preferring to leave the law as it was, partly unenforced, than to endanger the whole law by the repeal of any portion. This was the position of the Secretary as he stated it to me. The other party were in opposition to these religious people, not because they did not care for a quiet, uncommercial Sunday, but because they cared more for what they believed to be the welfare of the small shopkeepers, who needed all the custom they could get. Behind one party was the power of the strong public opinion which in America traditionally supports Sunday observance. Behind the other was that more nearly universal power of men's direct interest in the concerns of their neighbors. It is a mistake to think that ethical considerations in every conflict of this sort are all on one side. Certainly in this instance there was some moral earnestness on each side; only on one side it was the conscious moral earnestness of men not altogether enlightened fighting to preserve an institution, while on the other side it was the unconscious—but therefore perhaps the more praiseworthy—moral earnestness of men not altogether enlightened either, but imbued with strong personal human sympathy.

Aroused as I was by the conversation I had with the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, I was glad to accept his suggestion that he should put me in the way of meeting some of the leaders among the workingmen. For this purpose he introduced me to a Methodist minister whom he knew to be acquainted with members of the trades-unions.

It was Monday morning, the time for ministers' meetings. We went together to the gathering-place of the Methodists. It was in a small hall over a book-store. As we went up the stairs I heard the sound of loud voices engaged in what seemed to be rather violent discussion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As I waited in the anteroom for the Secretary to find the minister we came to see, I could hear a man vigorously making some sort of self-defense. He was frequently interrupted by others in contradiction. When the minister whom we had come to see appeared, he at once apologized for the heat of the discussion in which his "brethren" were engaged. He told us that it was about a matter of "transfers." Some of the more "desirable" churches of the city—that is, churches paying the highest salaries and containing the most influential people socially—had been filled by men from outside the city. Against this injustice, as they apparently counted it, some of the ministers of "less desirable" churches were protesting; they believed that they themselves ought to have these more "desirable" places before outsiders. The altercation in the hall became so noisy, and its character so distracting, that we found it difficult to carry on any conversation in the anteroom. It threw some light, however, on that chasm between the workingman and the churches.

In less boisterous surroundings I had a brief conversation with this minister whose distinction was that he actually was well acquainted with some workingmen and understood their point of view. He was perfectly candid in his opinion that the chief reason for the alienation of workingmen from the churches was the fact that ministers were not in sympathy with the under dog. He instanced a great strike there in Baltimore on the trolley lines. In his opinion the men had a grievance. The question of putting vestibules on the cars was involved. The company brought a number of its employees into the council chamber where an investigation was being carried on; and when the question was put to them, their hands, bleeding from exposure, went up—against the vestibules. "A most flagrant piece of intimidation!" he exclaimed. In spite of such incidents as this, he said, there were only two other ministers besides himself who publicly spoke of it—one of whom was Dr. Babcock, honored there, as later in New York, for his virility and human feeling. The subject was brought up at the conference, whereupon a "brother" (*sic*) brushed it aside by saying, "It is our business simply to preach the Gospel." The unions felt that the churches didn't care. In brief, as he put it, he believed the ministers were "weak between Sundays."

I must confess this account of ministerial professionalism intensified my dislike of the cant term "brother." It made me wonder whether the workingmen would not be justified in asking for a living parable in answer to the question, "Who is my 'brother'?" Is it the man who on his way to preach the Gospel passes by on the other side? In a later article I shall relate an experience of mine which shows that in some places in America this answering parable is being embodied in real life.

What the Methodist minister told me of the workingman's feelings was confirmed in an interview he enabled me to have with a former President of the Baltimore Federation of Labor. I was surprised to find that a leader in this movement should seem to be so young a man. He left his work on a linotype machine in the middle of the afternoon to have a talk with me. At first he was very cautious in what he said, for he suspected from a remark I made that I was on a political errand in behalf of Sunday legislation; but as soon as I cleared that up he was very candid.

"Religion is in a bad way in Baltimore," he said, with the air of a man who had bad news to tell and had given up the attempt to break it gently. "I say frankly that the churches do not welcome the workingmen, and the workingmen do not care for the churches. The churches are made up mostly of employers, and they are trying to get all they can out of their men, and don't care for them as men at all."

"Granted all that," said I, "suppose that the churches really should want to do something for the workingmen, what would you suggest?"

"Why," he replied, quite as eager to propose a positive plan as he was vehement in his censure—"why don't they give lectures on industrial questions on Sunday? Why don't ministers send out circulars to the leaders of the various unions saying something like this: 'Next Sunday I am going to give a talk on arbitration, and am going to have a number of the most influential capitalists present

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the congregation, and I want every union in the city represented there also. I do not intend to take sides one way or the other.'"

"Would such a proposition be welcomed by the unions?"

"I think decidedly it would. But then the ministers in this city would never do such a thing. When there is any strike or labor difficulty before the public, you do not hear of any sermons about it; the ministers are afraid to express an opinion, for those churches are under the control of the employing classes. You hear sermons about everything else, but you don't hear any sermons about the workingman."

"I suppose workingmen would expect sermons to uphold Socialism?"

"I don't believe in any 'ism,'" was his prompt reply. "I try to be liberal." His conception of Socialism I inferred from his adding: "There are a lot of Polish Hebrews in Baltimore who are Debs men, but they are about all there is to the Social Democracy."

As to ministers, he was as explicit as he was with regard to churches:

"They go where they get the most salaries. If they can get two hundred dollars more, they go there."

After my experience at the ministers' meeting I was not in the mood to deny that; but I asked: "Is that not true of workingmen as well? Does not the workingman go where he gets more wages? Why shouldn't the minister have the same right?"

"I don't blame any man," he replied, "for getting all he can; but when he does it, I want him not to pretend to go for some other reason; for I call that getting money under false pretenses."

When in the course of our conversation we reverted to the Sunday law, he represented the workingman as considering it an interference with his rightful mode of recreation.

"To the workingman Sunday is the day when he has a chance to get rest and recreation, particularly Sunday afternoon, when he goes with his family to some of these resorts and spends the afternoon there. By the way, why don't the ministers go to the resorts themselves? The workingmen are down there, and there isn't one who wouldn't be glad to have a minister come down and hold service and preach. Workingmen all believe in God and justice, but they want sympathy, and feel that they don't get it from the ministers. Another thing the ministers can do is to get a list of the labor unions and then request the secretary of each union for permission to attend the union meeting, and the union would be glad to have him come and address them and preach on any matter—only not about heaven."

"What, in your opinion, is the Young Men's Christian Association worth to workingmen?" was another question I asked.

"Well," he replied, "it costs six dollars a year to belong, and there's not much charity in that."

"But do the workingmen want charity?"

"Not a bit of it!" was his quick rejoinder. For a moment, however, he seemed nonplused. "Then," he added, as if he wished to remove any impression of antagonism he may have unintentionally made, "you could really educate the workingmen up to recognizing the advantages that such an organization as the Young Men's Christian Association does offer. After all, you cannot do anything unless you tackle the young boys. And let me tell you," he continued, in the most deliberative strain, "that is the strength of the Catholic Church; they get hold of the children, and then put into their ignorant heads the idea that they must contribute to the Church so much for St. Peter's pence and so much for other things; and then they scrape and starve and even steal to do it; and they teach them also that they must confess and so on, and as a consequence when they grow up they are in the Church. You've got to get hold of the young boys. Now, I've got two young boys and I've made them join the Young Men's Christian Association."

The opinions expressed by this labor leader may, I think, be considered fairly representative of the ordinary workingman's views on the institutions of Christianity. For three reasons. First, there was nothing very original about them. They came to be familiar to me by repetition in conversations I had with others. Second, this man, as I ascertained later, was ambitious to be a political leader among workingmen, and as he knew he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was "talking for publication" (and, by the way, was rather pleased to do so), it may safely be assumed that he was discreet in his account of what workingmen thought. Third, in comparing him with the other labor leaders of the city whom I met at a meeting of the Federation of Labor, I should say that both by temperament and by training he was best qualified to state their case with a minimum of intrusive "personal equation."

At the meeting of the Federation of Labor, to which I have just referred, I was most cordially welcomed. Upon the request of several labor leaders and sympathizers, I was persuaded, rather against my own instincts, to put some questions from the floor. While I waited my turn I was given a seat on the platform. The meeting was characterized by what seemed to me acerbity of feeling, not only in regard to capitalists, but in one instance in regard to one of the federated labor unions. Although it was an open meeting for the transaction of routine business, I felt as if I were at a council of war. After I had put my questions, all pertaining to the workingman and the Church, a delegate rose, and, with great dignity and courtesy, called the attention of the delegates to the fact that it was contrary to the constitution to discuss any political or sectarian question at a meeting of the Federation. I hastened to remove, if possible, the impression of sectarianism which the wording of one of my questions had unfortunately created. A number of the delegates argued in favor of a discussion of the questions; but the decision was adverse to a discussion. The incident, however, was by no means fruitless. It was noteworthy for two things: first, the disappearance of all sign of acrimony during the presentation and discussion of the questions about religion; second, the unmistakable and almost eager interest which the delegates evinced throughout.

After the meeting a number of the men came up and made some further inquiries about my questions. I made special acquaintance with one of these who had been foremost in attempting to have my questions discussed. I had noticed his face and mien as being exceptional for his surroundings. This was partly due, as I discovered, to the nature of his trade, the finer part of photolithography. He accompanied me on my way from the hall to the hotel where I had a room. He was greatly interested in the object of my trip, and especially on its bearing on the religion of workingmen. He was inclined to be disheartened concerning industrial conditions, but his discontent was not that of a pessimist, but rather that of an idealist. He told me much about himself, and as he talked his idealism showed itself not only in language but also in a quiet emphasis of look and gesture.

He had been brought up a Roman Catholic. He had found himself, however, remonstrating against the emphasis which that Church laid on patient endurance of wrong. This was contrary to all his instincts as an American workingman. As a workingman he was conscious of unjust social conditions; as an American he was conscious of his right to struggle against them. He could not believe a man could cure injustice by patiently enduring it. He therefore not only broke away from the Church, but arrayed himself against it as the chief power which paralyzed men's efforts for an ideal social order. He felt, too, the inadequacy and even the perverseness of labor unions as a force for social improvement. "A few years ago," he said, "I was active in the Federation of Labor; but now, though I am a delegate, I cannot work in the organization with any enthusiasm. It seems as if workingmen were bound to injure themselves by their own actions. They are blindly selfish and bitter and short-sighted in their organized procedure. They have no proper, suitable, and intelligent leaders. This is due to conditions under which they work. They have no chance to educate themselves or to train leaders from their own ranks. Now, in an ideal state of society that would not be possible." This brought him to an enthusiastic statement of his belief in the Single Tax. Henry George was his prophet, and Henry George's idealistic political economy was his theology. He had reacted from the materialism which he saw apparently governing the workingmen with whom he was associated. In place of it he had this conviction which, more than anything else he said, may be called his creed: "I believe that mind controls matter."

When I asked him for his judgment of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the saloon, his idealism was very evident in his answer. "Saloons do harm to the workingmen. They not only create intemperance, but injure men who are temperate. For instance, most of the labor unions meet in halls that are provided by saloon-keepers, who charge nothing for their use. After a labor union meeting is over, all the men go down to the saloon and conscientiously remain there and pay for drinks in order to remunerate their benefactor. A great many men who would otherwise not drink at all become intemperate through this conscientious attempt to repay obligations."

The fact that a meeting-place was provided for the unions was a good thing? Yes, he was sure of that. The social element involved helped to further comradeship and harmony? Yes. Was there anything to take the place of the saloon in this service to organized labor? No, there was not, and he did not see how there could be. Could a church make provision for a hall and good fellowship? No, he thought that would be savoring too much of charity—it would come from the outside; it would be unnatural. "Since, then, this is a necessary service," I inquired, "and the saloon is doing it, and you can imagine no efficient substitute, is not the saloon a benefit to the workingman, after all?"

"Well," was his answer, "it *is* practically, but not *ideally*. Perhaps I think too much of ideal states of society. When I speak of a thing as right or wrong, I think of it as it ought to be, not as it is."

Though politically ambitious and in a small way successful, he had put his idealism into his politics. Though a Democrat and a believer in Bryan, he refused a nomination that was tendered to him because its acceptance would involve his being expected to vote for Gorman, in whom he had no confidence.

Strangely, the idealism which he applied so invariably to his moral conceptions and to his politics he had never apparently attempted to apply to religion. In his mind was so firmly embedded his youthful conception that religion was a visible wafer, a smell of incense, an audible confession, a life of submission to materialism, that it seems never to have occurred to him that religion might be of the same nature with his many ideals, much less that it should be their very flower. It seemed a sad commentary on the inefficiency of at least one branch of the Church of Jesus Christ in this twentieth century that a mind trained in that branch of the Church, and possessed of native qualities that at times seemed such as are only produced by the long process of academic education, should, in spite of its inborn idealism, be capable of entertaining such a conception of religion as this:

"If by religion you mean that which is divine, I don't believe there is any such thing. I don't believe there is any divinity. I believe that religion originated somewhat in this way: A number of years ago there was a man [meaning Jesus] who preached social reforms; and he was so far ahead of his time that his followers attributed to him something divine [referring to the magic of the mass], and that is the way religion began."

Before we separated I think both of us got a better conception of the religion of Jesus than we had before; for we found it grounded in the universal sense of moral obligation and the universal honor paid to self-sacrifice for others. The rest of our conversation was of the sort that all men instinctively consider confidential. Indeed, though I shall not be likely ever to forget its impression, its form I did not attempt in any way to preserve. It will be enough to say that it revealed a mind whose idealism, untrained as it was, seemed to me as much truer and deeper than the transcendental philosophy of Emerson as it was marked by a clearer, more unstudied, more sincere unselfishness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Havana After Three Years

By Thomas R. Dawley, Jr.

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in Cuba and South America

COPYRIGHT, 1901, THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

DOWN in the narrow streets among the Spanish warehouses one encounters the same old smell of *tasajo* from the Argentines, dried or sun-cured beef in bales like sole-leather, codfish, oil, and garlic. The newcomer turns up his nose and sniffs contemptuously, as he wonders in what way Havana has been purified. It is the same old smell which we used to attribute to the sewers. Out on the Prado we see a thinly clad Cuban running along with a worn shovel and a piece of broom after a horse, diligently keeping the street clean. "Very good!" exclaims the American; "they did not do that in Spanish times."

"But," says the man at his elbow, "what matters it if the streets are kept clean, if the people are dying of hunger?"

"Dying of hunger!" These startling words fell upon my ears, after an absence of nearly three years, before I got on shore. No one had forewarned me, no one had even intimated to me that such was the condition in Havana to-day. Yet metaphorically the people are dying of hunger, or soon will be, and in this rich island, too, the island which was once the richest island in the world.

"There's nothing doing," said the hotel runner on the steamer as we came to anchor. "The people cannot get work, merchants cannot sell their goods, there is no money, and we are all going to the devil."

As I walked up through the city to my hotel I was forcibly impressed with the truth of the man's statement. There was not the hurry and bustle of former days on the quay, the piles of merchandise, and active merchants and clerks. In the side streets there were the Spanish mules of old, sleek and clean and heavily harnessed to their great *caretas*, but the picturesque Spaniard in his red cap, undershirt, and white trousers, puffing, sweating, and swearing, with his heavily laden cart, was not there, and the streets were strangely silent—the mules dozing in their harnesses. In the open shops along Obispo Street a clerk or two stared aimlessly at the walls. There were no purchasers and scarcely any passers-by.

"What does it mean?" said I to the first man I met, a Spaniard who had been in Cuba nearly all his life.

"It means," said he, "that you have tied Cuba up so with your Platt Amendment that we cannot negotiate any treaty with a foreign power, raise money, or do anything for ourselves. You have a prohibitory duty on our sugar and tobacco, and unless you take it off we cannot sell our produce, and must go to the dogs."

Nearly three years ago, when the Spaniards evacuated and Americans came flocking into the island, there was open demonstration on the part of a class of Cubans to make us get out also. They did not want us here. The Spaniard in the old days came here to make money. It was evident that we were coming with the same evil design upon Cuba. We were worse than the Spaniard, and we were not wanted. That was made plainly evident to us. Cuba for the Cubans was the cry. They sang it at their feasts, they sang it in the streets.

There is nothing of this now. The same class of people lounge listlessly about waiting for something to turn up. They do not even frequent the cafés as of old—the cafés to which they all congregated to chat, loaf, and discuss, mid the incessant rattle of cups and glasses. Those same cafés are here, but they are empty. "Why do they keep open?" I asked. "Because I cannot close up," answered a Spaniard whom I had known in the old days.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The change is material even at my hotel. In those days we were supplied with a long list of good things at the tables which could scarcely be surpassed in variety and abundance at the very best hotels in our own metropolis. Now the waiter, who seems to have lost all spirit, pokes under my nose a carelessly scrawled bill of fare containing a few Spanish dishes, the same every day; and as you look about wondering at the change, you find your answer in the empty tables. "We cannot afford a hundred dishes for three or four, or, at the most, half a dozen guests." Yet the rates remain the same.

In the old days after dinner the "Central Park" was the center of fashionable life. The seats were filled by those who came to enjoy the cool evening air and listen to the music. They readily gave up the real asked for the seat, and the promenades were a continual moving throng of chattering men and women gay with life and color. Now, when the band plays, less than half the seats are filled, and the throng of fashionable people seems to have almost completely disappeared. Shortly after nine o'clock the band ceases to play, and park, plazas, and streets are silent and deserted.

Not as in the old days of the Spanish régime does pandemonium reign supreme in Havana. The lottery ticket, the cock-fight, and the bull-fighter have all disappeared. The police force is reduced one-half, and so are crime and vice. "But we had money then," says the old-timer. "What matters it if we did have five thousand gamblers and five thousand vagrants, and yellow fever and death? we had money to gamble, money to give the beggars, and money to bury the dead. There was business then."

The people seem to be looking in every direction for relief from the present sad situation, but they do not see clearly. The politician tells them that it is all owing to Cuba not having free trade. Sugar and tobacco must be admitted into the United States free of duty, then Cuba will prosper; that is their solution. Another tells you that it must be annexation, wholly and complete. Cuba annexed and Cuba will prosper again. Another looks to an influx of Americans. If Americans will only come here with their money and invest, Cuba will rejuvenate. But an American who has lived here many years says all this talk is nonsense. "Americans came here three years ago and learned that the Cubans did not want them here. They went away again, and now they are disposed to let the Cubans have just what they asked for, Independence and nothing more. As for free sugar, that is not going to relieve the situation. Sugar at the present market price does not bring enough to pay for the cost of production."

This same American said: "You may divide the population of the island into two classes, the producer and the non-producer. The producer in the old days was the fellow who made the money, the non-producer the fellow who squandered it. When sugar went down and the producer had to study economy, the non-producer kicked. He attributed all his ills to the Government, and went into the revolution. The Spaniards cleaned him pretty well out, and then we came along and helped him. Our help produced hundreds, yes, thousands, of others just like him. When we took hold of the reins of administration, he was the fellow we recognized. His only idea of work was a government job, and we gave it to him. Scarcely a question was raised as to his ability. Orders were to employ him, and he was paid out of the revenues collected at the customs-house. Unless the producer kept on producing, and at a profit, there must come an end to this, and that is the situation we are facing."

In answer to my question if there had been many cases of bankruptcy, he replied, "No! The Spaniard never goes into bankruptcy. When business gets dull, he waits. When he finds it does not improve, or he cannot go on any longer, he liquidates and gets out. The Spaniards were the people who had the money, and they have the money yet. They never put it in the banks, but keep it locked up in their places of business where they live. They eat there and sleep there, and never leave the place. Our method of doing business through the banks is either unknown to them or has never appealed to them with favor. In the old days, when the collector came around, they invariably paid their bills in coin, and it was no unusual thing for the collector to go about with an armed escort to protect him from assault and robbery."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I called on General Wood, almost his first words were:

"We have the political situation well in hand, but it is the economic question which is worrying us," but later, when I told him of the conditions I had found in Havana as expressed above, he said they were altogether overdrawn. While he admitted a certain amount of stagnation, he said conditions were never better. He cited in proof the fact that beggars had disappeared from the streets, and there were none in the country. The health had improved till there was but one city in the United States with a lower death-rate. He accounted for there being fewer people on the streets and in the cafés by saying that it was a season of the year when those who had interests in the country were in the country attending to them. And, finally, to prove to me that I should not give too much attention to the "economic question" which was on everybody's lips, he told me how not very long ago he was riding out through the country when he met an old negro, a typical old country darky with his trousers tied up at the knees, the part of a roasted pig in one hand and a bag of potatoes in the other.

"Well," said the General, accosting him, "how are you people getting along out here?"

"Oh, fust rate," said the old chap; "we're getting along pretty well now, but it is the *economic question* which is a-worrying us."

Taking it on the whole, I think General Wood deserves great credit for what he has done. He is a worker, and is almost constantly going among the plebeian element studying their needs and requirements; but, as a rule, these people are so blind, so short-sighted and lacking in moral courage, that it is very difficult for one occupying General Wood's position to point out the real dangers that threaten them. The chicken-thief, the so-called bandit, continues to hold them up and plunder them. General Wood appears suddenly on the scene, and, asking if there are any lawless people about, receives for reply a serious shaking of the head and a "no." They never saw any bandits or heard of any in their lives.

It is not my purpose in this short article to draw any deductions from my present observations. I have merely stated what others tell me and what I observe, and now the startling fact which appeals to me is that here we have a compact, grand old city containing nearly a quarter of a million of people; a city of massive buildings, dungeons some of them, palaces others. It is a city without factories or industries of its own, save its cigar-making, which is comparatively small. Under the Spanish régime it turned out, among the wealthy, only lawyers, poets, doctors, and dentists; among the poor, vagrants, beggars, and thieves. Scarcely any one ever thought seriously of learning a trade. One became a cigar-maker or a tailor by accident, and pursued the occupation as a means of livelihood because he had to. The profligate planter made his millions in sugar or coffee or cattle, and came to Havana to squander them.

Now we have this city with its lawyers, doctors, and poets, without the millionaire planter. The free-Cuba element are waiting, almost impatiently waiting, for the Americans to withdraw and turn the island over to them. Without the Spaniard's idea of finance, their principal idea of government is to get their hands on the money-box, and then they will bring back the good old times of profligacy and misrule. The model of good order, cleanliness, and honest administration set by us means poverty to them. Frugality is synonymous with misery.

Under these conditions, with the country gone to ruin, the Cuban peasant or farmer producing scarcely enough to meet his own requirements, the planter with his eggs all in one basket—sugar, which does not now bring the cost of production—what, I would ask, is to become of Havana, with its quarter of a million people, once the wealthiest as well as the most profligate city in the world? Can Governments solve the problem?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Lynching in the South

By William Hayne Levell

[It will add to the reader's interest in this article to know that the writer is the pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in Houston, Texas, that he has been pastor of Congregational churches in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and that he is a Southern man, and one of wide influence and the highest character.—THE EDITORS.]

LAST summer I happened to be spending my vacation at "Cotesworth," the old country home of the late United States Senator George, about two miles from the town of Carrollton, Miss. During the time I was there I heard one day that on the night previous two defenseless old people had been done to death in a most foul and brutal fashion, and that because of it the people of the county were coming into town, and there was like to be a lynching of several negroes who were suspected of the crime. Never before having been in the immediate neighborhood of a lynching, and wishing to learn something of the character of these repeated outbreaks, I rode into town to study the situation close at hand, hoping that something might occur which would make it possible to prevent any violence. I found that three negroes, a mother with her son and daughter, tenants of the murdered couple, had been arrested on suspicion of having committed the murder or having guilty knowledge of the facts, and were at that time confined in the county jail. I found present on the streets of the town many young farmers from the county who were carrying rifles, shotguns, or pistols, and mixed with them a few of the maturer and more conservative citizens of the county, to whom the young fellows seemed to look for direction. All of them had a serious and determined look upon their faces.

I found also that a committee of prominent men, among them the State Senator from that district, the District Attorney, and a lawyer who had several times represented the county in the Legislature, had been formed and at the hour of my arrival were at the jail examining the negroes. The committee was earnestly solicitous to prevent a lynching. It satisfied itself that those three negroes did not personally commit the crime, but knew who did, and were as yet not willing to reveal their guilty secret. Several times, both individually and as a committee, these gentlemen addressed the mob, trying to dissuade it from violence, and pleading, in the name of humanity and for the good name of the county, to let the law take its course, the more particularly because the only apparent hope of learning who were the real murderers was involved in keeping these three negroes alive. The mob was not to be dissuaded. As the authorities offered practically no resistance, the mob took the negroes, hanged them just outside the town, and riddled their bodies with bullets.

Realizing that it would be regarded as an impertinent intrusion for me to offer any suggestion, since I was an outsider, and knowing that there was no chance for me to do what well-known gentlemen who had the confidence of their neighbors there failed to do, I rode away home some time before the lynching took place.

From what I learned of the whole matter, of the circumstances leading up to the crime, it seemed to be a case particularly demanding that the law should be permitted to take its course. It was not a question of the rape of a white woman by a negro brute. It was the assassination of the aged parents of a young white man who had previously shot to death the son of the negro mother for attempted poison. The young man was out on bail awaiting the action of the Grand Jury. But there was only one way to prevent that lynching. That way was by superior force, and the constituted authorities did not offer it.

In connection with my experience and observation on the day of the lynching, I took care afterwards to discuss the case itself and the whole matter of lynching, as it obtains in the South, with some of the best and maturer and more conservative citizens of that part of the State of Mississippi, to learn whether and how far they approved of lynching for crime. Of course I found some extreme men, who are good citizens in their way, who are yet very nervous over the whole question

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the negro and his preponderance in their part of the State, and who assert that for any considerable crime, of whatever nature, committed against a white person by a negro, they would take the law in their own hands and shoot him down as they would a dog. These are extremists.

The greater part of the educated, conservative, thoughtful, and, in ordinary situations, more influential citizens approve of lynching for the rape of a white woman, but deplore the seeming necessity for it, and are groping helplessly in the dark for some way to make lynching unnecessary. They see that it is gradually undermining their civilization, destroying all respect for law, and, with reference to all sorts of offenses, is substituting mob law for the ancient forms which have safeguarded the liberties of the English-speaking peoples for centuries. They contemplate the future with something akin to terror, and confess themselves tied hand and foot to a situation from which it seems impossible to break away without hastening the very thing they fear. They believe that to turn over to the law a black fiend who has raped a defenseless white woman and made over her whole life into a living hell would inevitably tend to multiply rapes and practically put all our women at the mercy of the lustful brutes.

Their explanation of the situation as it is now found in the South may not be entirely satisfactory to the denizens of the cities and the dwellers amidst a predominant white population, but I will try to give it as it was given to me by some of the most conservative, most thoughtful, and most wise citizens of the South.

1. The natural barbarism of our human nature, whose first impulse is to wreak vengeance for an outrage, is to be always considered, for, as a matter of fact, neither individuals nor communities ever get far away from nature—and that is human nature.

2. From the earliest times *in the South* seduction has always resulted in either what is known as a "military wedding" or a homicide. The community has always supported the family of the seduced woman for killing the seducer if he would not redeem the situation as far as possible by marriage. If that was the result where there was "consent," how much more certainly would homicide be the result where there was force used to accomplish the ruin of a woman—where there was rape? A white man would no more escape than a negro. If the white man must pay with his life for rape, how much more certainly a negro for the rape of a white woman, where in addition the revolt of all the instincts of race was involved?

3. In many if not most rural communities in the South the white population is very small compared with the negro population. The whites are really at the mercy of the blacks, if the latter but once should get the notion that there is a reasonable hope of escape. For there are always enough vicious negroes in every community ready to commit the crimes of lust if they can do so and yet escape justice or vengeance. Lynching is resorted to not merely to wreak vengeance but to terrorize the negro.

4. Every one who handles large bodies of negro laborers—every one with whom I talked—believes that the average negro fears nothing so much as force. The whites believe that the moment the negro ceases to fear the power of the white man crimes will rapidly increase—crimes of the most revolting character. Among the negoes, criminals, when the crime is committed against a white man, attain to a certain heroic character, and are the objects of a certain sort of admiration which they crave and rejoice in. The conviction is general that terror is the only restraining influence with the average negro.

5. The negroes, even the best of them, will ordinarily conceal a fleeing negro, assist him in his flight, and, whenever practicable, protect him; and this without regard to the requirements of justice or the character of his offense.

6. The famously slow processes of the law and the frequent miscarriages of justice. In New Orleans a few months ago a negro insulted a refined white woman, was arrested and put upon his trial. The woman put aside her modesty and went on the witness-stand and testified to the facts. The facts were outrageous and cruel. The lawyer for the defense succeeded in deferring the case some months upon a technicality, and later the brute upon conviction got only a three months'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentence. One such case as that does away with the confidence in the law engendered by a hundred cases where justice is accomplished, and the mind of the people turns to lynching as the only certain remedy.

If you call their attention to the fact that lynching does not stop rape, their answer is, No, but it prevents it more than any other process would do.

The thinking men of the South realize the horror of their situation; they see that mob law is coming to be the law for all sorts of crimes, that it is beginning to be used even in private quarrels and against the whites themselves. They think it is a cruelty to serve them with condemnation, when they need the sympathy and assistance of that portion of our people who live securely amid a predominant white population. It is easy to prescribe practically impossible premises, but you can by such means get no satisfactory or adequate result.

It will need the best wisdom and the best conscience and the best heart of our whole people, of the North and of the South, to lead us out of the darkness and the horror of the present situation.

Houston, Texas.

The Negro in Business

By Isaiah T. Montgomery

[Isaiah Montgomery, the Mayor of Mound Bayou, and, we believe, the only colored Mayor in the United States, spent his early life on the plantation of Jefferson Davis in Mississippi as a house servant and later as valet for Jefferson and Joseph Davis. In this way he obtained the rudiments of an education, and during the war was depended upon by the servants to read them the news in the papers which came to the household. After the war Montgomery drifted North, and by hard work and economy accumulated a little money, with which he returned and purchased a few acres of land in the Yazoo Valley. Upon it he induced several families of former slaves to locate, and by his natural shrewdness and attention to business gradually enlarged his holdings until now he owns several thousand acres, including all of the town site of Mound Bayou, a community of about six hundred people. He has been the Mayor of Mound Bayou since it secured a charter, owns several of the principal stores, and is interested in lumber and other industries in the vicinity. This town has become an important market for the products of the country in the vicinity. It has a public school, several churches, and has the reputation of being one of the most prosperous communities of its size in the Gulf States.—THE EDITORS.]

IT is my opinion, based on experience and observation, that, with proper qualifications and reliability, a colored man may successfully conduct almost any kind of business in an average town; he must, however, have tact, grit, and sufficient backing to hold on till his business is well understood; experience proves that he can secure fair patronage from the public generally.

I think the education and training that Mr. Washington is endeavoring to give will help the progress of the colored people anywhere, whether North or South. The negro is possessed of bright talents and is readily attracted to the higher pursuits, whether in mechanism, business, or the professions, but has a tendency to shun the restraints of training and the comprehensive study of basic principles. I believe the plan adopted by Mr. Washington is the best now offered to overcome this defect. The colored man is ubiquitous in a large measure, and some will go everywhere; but, so far as I can see now, the South, notwithstanding its tirade of abuse and slander waged against him, is his land of promise. The South is just upon the threshold of her development, and the negro is indispensable. He is so intricately interwoven into all of her industries that she cannot successfully supplant him, or go forward without the aid of his brawn, and necessity compels her to appreciate his intellect, thrift, and energy. She cannot stay the onward march of progress, and she cannot rise without lifting the negro also. Despite the political circumstances which render the lives and property of colored people insecure all over the South, they are gaining a respectable hold upon the business interests of the country; and just as they adapt themselves to sound business principles, more and more will come to them the recognition that is due to every useful and upright citizen.

As to their prominence in communities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and as holders of public office under present conditions in the South, it could not be expected that a colored leader would be able to exercise as much influence over a mixed colony as if all were practically colored. We have a few whites in our community (they are of the working class and settled here previous to our coming). They have prospered materially and advanced intellectually in like manner as we have; our relations have always been cordial, and though some are removing to neighboring towns for greater advantages in a social and educational way, they are disinclined to part with their realty holdings among us. We have never objected to whites on the ground of color, but unless they are in sympathy with or can become interested in the underlying principles and purposes of a colony, their fixed presence is very likely to prove detrimental.

In regard to the success of communities composed exclusively of the colored race, that depends largely upon the interests by which they are brought together. At Mound Bayou we have experienced but little trouble in the matter of administration. The acquirement of homes and general development, morally and materially, were the incentives held out, and settlers were encouraged to strike out on their own responsibility; the success of some stimulated others. In education and church work there is a community of interest. Our people are largely of the agricultural class, with some storekeepers. We have considered the idea of establishing industries, and situations for manufactories have been reserved convenient to the railroad, but as yet sawmilling and brickmaking are the only ones operating. I am considering cottonseed and cotton manufacturing, dressed lumber and other woodworking machinery, also canning and dairying establishments. Colored people have the capacity for almost any industry, but are very deficient in experience.

The Man from Glengarry[1]

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

Chapter XXIII.—A Good, True Friend

IT was springtime, and the parks and avenues were in all the dainty splendor of their new leaves. The afternoon May sun was flooding the city with gold and silver light, and all the air was tremulous with the singing of birds. A good day it was to live, if one could only live in the sunny air within sight of the green leaves and within sound of the singing birds. A day for life and love it was; at least so Kate thought as she drew up her prancing team at the St. Clair house, where Harry stood waiting for her.

"*Dear* Kate," he cried, "how stunning you are! I love you!"

"Come, Harry, jump up! Breton is getting excited."

"Stony-hearted wretch!" grumbled Harry. "Did you hear me tell you I love you?"

"Nonsense, Harry, jump in; I'll report to Lily Langford."

"Don't tell," pleaded Harry, "and do keep Breton on all fours. This isn't a circus. You terrify me."

"We have only time to make the train; hurry up!" cried Kate. "Steady, my boys."

"Some day, Kate, those 'boys' of yours will be your death or the death of some of your friends," said Harry, as he sprang in and took his place beside Kate. "That Breton ought to be shot. It really affects my heart to drive with you."

"You haven't any, Harry, you know that right well, so don't be alarmed."

"Quite true," said Harry, sentimentally, "not since that night, don't you remember, Kate, when you—"

"Now, Harry, I only remind you that I always tell my girl friends everything you say. It is this wedding that's got into your blood."

"I suppose so," murmured Harry, pensively; "wish it would get into yours. Now, seriously, Kate, at your years you ought—"

"Harry," said Kate, indignantly, "I

[1] Copyright, 1901, Fleming H. Revell Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

really don't need you at the station. I can meet your aunt quite well without you. Shall I set you down here, or drive you to the office?"

"Oh, not to the office, I entreat! I entreat! Anything but that! Surely I may be allowed this day! I shall be careful of your sensitive points, but I do hope this wedding of Maimie's will give you serious thoughts."

Kate was silent, giving her attention doubtless to her team. Then, with seeming irrelevance, she said: "Didn't I see Colonel Thorp yesterday in town?"

"Yes, the old heathen! I haven't forgiven him for taking off Ranald as he did."

"He didn't take off Ranald. Ranald was going off anyway."

"How do you know?" said Harry.

"I know," replied Kate, with a little color in her cheek. "He told me himself."

"Well, old Thorp was mighty glad to get him; I can tell you that. The old sinner!"

"He's just a dear!" cried Kate. "Yes, he was glad to get Ranald. What a splendid position he gave him!"

"Oh, yes, I know, he adores you like all the rest, and so you think him a dear."

But this Kate ignored, for the team were speeding along at an alarming pace. With amazing skill and dash she threaded her way through the crowded streets with almost no checking of her speed.

"Do be careful," cried Harry, as the wheels of their carriage skimmed the noses of the car-horses. "I am quite sure my aunt will not be able to recognize me."

"And why not?"

"Because I shall be gray-haired by the time I reach the station."

"There's the train, I do believe," cried Kate, flourishing her whip over her horses' backs. "We must not be late."

"If we ever get there alive," said Harry.

"Here we are, sure enough."

"Shall I go to the train?"

"No, indeed," cried Kate. "Do you think I am going to allow any one to meet *my* Aunt Murray but myself? I shall go; you hold the horses."

"I am afraid, really," cried Harry, pretending terror.

"Oh, I fancy you will do," cried Kate, smiling sweetly, as she ran off to meet the incoming train. In a few moments she returned with Mrs. Murray, and carrying a large black valise.

"Hello, auntie, dear," cried Harry. "You see I can't leave these brutes of Kate's, but, believe me, it does me good to see you. What a blessing a wedding is, to bring you to us! I suppose you won't come again until it is Kate's or mine."

"That would be sure to bring me," cried Mrs. Murray, smiling her bright smile, "provided you married the right persons."

"Why, auntie," said Harry, dismally, "Kate is so unreasonable. She won't take even me. You see, she's so tremendously impressed with herself, and all the fellows spoil her."

By this time Kate had the reins, and Harry had climbed into the back seat.

"Dear old auntie," he said, kissing his aunt, "I am really delighted to see you. But to return to Kate. Look at her! Doesn't she look like a Roman princess?"

"Now, Harry, do be sensible, or I shall certainly drive you at once to the office," said Kate, severely.

"Oh, the heartlessness of her! She knows well enough that Colonel Thorp is there, and she would shamelessly exult over his abject devotion. She respects neither innocent youth nor gray hairs, as witness myself and Colonel Thorp."

"Isn't he a silly boy, auntie?" said Kate; "and he is not much improving with age."

"But what's this about Colonel Thorp?" said Mrs. Murray. "Sometimes Ranald writes of him, in high terms, too."

"Well, you ought to hear Thorp abuse Ranald. Says he's ruining the company with his various philanthropic schemes," said Harry; "but you can never tell what he means exactly. He's a wily old customer."

"Don't believe him, auntie," said Kate, with a sagacious smile. "Colonel Thorp thinks that the whole future of his company and of the province depends solely upon Ranald. It is quite ridiculous to hear him, while all the time he is abusing him for his freaks."

"It must be a great country out there, though," said Harry, "and what a row they are making over Confederation."

"What do you mean, Harry?" said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Murray. "We hear so little in the country."

"Well, I don't know exactly, but those fellows in British Columbia are making all sorts of threats that unless this railway is built forthwith they will back out of the Dominion, and some of them talk of annexation with the United States. Don't I wish I was there! What a lucky fellow Ranald is! Thorp says he's a big gun already. No end of a swell. Of course, as manager of a big concern like the British-American Coal and Lumber Company, he is a man of some importance."

"I don't think he is taking much to do with public questions," said Kate, "though he did make a speech at New Westminster not long ago. He has been up in those terrible woods almost ever since he went."

"Hello! how do you know?" said Harry, looking at her suspiciously. "I get a fragment of a note now and then, but he is altogether too busy to remember humble people."

"I hear regularly from Coley. You remember Coley, don't you?" said Kate, turning to Mrs. Murray.

"Oh, yes, that's the lad in whom Ranald was so interested in the Institute."

"Yes," replied Kate; "Coley begged and prayed to go with Ranald, and so he went."

"She omits to state," said Harry, "that she also 'begged and prayed,' and further that she outfitted the young rascal, though I've reason to thank Providence for removing him to another sphere."

"How does it affect you?" said Mrs. Murray.

"Why, haven't you heard, Aunt Murray, of the tremendous heights to which I have attained? I suppose she didn't tell you of her dinner-party. That was after you had left last fall. It was a great bit of generalship. Some of Ranald's football friends, Little Merrill, Starry Hamilton, that's the captain, you know, and myself among them, were asked to a farewell supper by this young lady, and when the men had well drunk—fed, I mean—and were properly dissolved in tears over the prospect of Ranald's departure, at a critical moment the Institute was introduced as a side issue. It was dear to Ranald's heart. A most effective picture was drawn of the Institute deserted and falling into ruins, so to speak, with Kate heroically struggling to prevent utter collapse. Could this be allowed? No! a thousand times no! Some one would be found, surely! Who would it be? At this juncture, Kate, who had been maintaining a powerful silence, smiled upon Little Merrill, who, being distinctly inflammable, and for some mysterious reason devoted to Ranald, and for an even more mysterious reason devoted to Kate, swore he'd follow if some one would lead. What could I do? My well-known abilities naturally singled me out for leadership, so, to prevent any such calamity, I immediately proposed that if Starry Hamilton, the great football chief, would command this enterprise I would follow. Before the evening was over the Institute was thoroughly manned."

"It is nearly half true, aunt," said Kate.

"And by our united efforts," continued Harry, "the Institute has survived the loss of Ranald."

"I cannot tell you how overjoyed I am, Harry, that both of my boys are taking hold of such good work—you here and Ranald in British Columbia. He must have a very hard time of it, but he speaks very gratefully of Colonel Thorp, who, he says, often opposes but finally agrees with his proposals."

Harry laughed aloud. "Agrees, does he? And do you know why? I remember seeing him one day, and he was in a state of wild fury at Ranald's notions. I won't quote his exact words. The next day I found him in a state of bland approval. Then I learned incidentally that in the meantime Kate had been giving him tea and music."

"Don't listen to his mean insinuations, auntie," said Kate, blushing a little.

Mrs. Murray turned and looked curiously into her face and smiled, and then Kate blushed all the more.

"I think that may explain some things that have been mysterious to me," she said.

"Oh, what, auntie?" cried Harry; "I am most anxious to know."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Murray; "I will explain to Kate."

"That won't help me any. She is a most secretive person—twiddles us all round her fingers and never lets us know anything until it's done. It is most exasperating. Oh, I say, Kate," added Harry,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suddenly, "would you mind dropping me at the florist's here?"

"Why? Oh, I see," said Kate, drawing in her team. "How do you do, Lily? Harry is anxious to select some flowers," she said, bowing to a very pretty girl on the sidewalk.

"Kate, do stop it," besought Harry, in a low voice, as he leaped out of the carriage. "Good-by, auntie, I'll see you this evening. Don't believe all Kate tells you," he added, as they drove away.

"Are you too tired for a turn in the park," said Kate, "or shall we drive home?"

A drive is always pleasant. Besides, one can talk about some things with more freedom in a carriage than face to face in one's room. The horses require attention at critical moments, and there are always points of interest when it is important that conversation should be deflected from the subject on hand; so, since Mrs. Murray was willing, Kate turned into the park. For an hour they drove along its shady, winding roads while Mrs. Murray talked of many things, but mostly of Ranald, and of the tales that the Glengarry people had of him. For wherever there was lumbering to be done, sooner or later there Glengarry men were to be found, and Ranald had found them in the British Columbia forests. And to their people at home their letters spoke of Ranald and his doings, at first doubtfully, soon more confidently, but always with pride. To Macdonald Bhain a rare letter came from Ranald now and then, which he would carry to Mrs. Murray with a difficult pretense of modesty. For with Macdonald Bhain, Ranald was a great man.

"But he is not quite sure of him," said Mrs. Murray. "He thinks it is a very queer way of lumbering, and the wages he considers excessive."

"Does he say that?" asked Kate. "That's just what Colonel Thorp says his company are saying. But he stands up for Ranald even when he can't see that his way is the best. The Colonel is not very sure about Ranald's schemes for the men, his reading-room, library, and that sort of thing. But I'm sure he will succeed." But Kate's tone belied her confident words.

Mrs. Murray noticed the anxiety in Kate's voice. "At least we are sure," she said, gently, "that he will do right, and, after all, that is success."

"I know that right well," replied Kate; "but it is hard for him out there with no one to help him or to encourage him."

Again Mrs. Murray looked at Kate curiously.

"It must be a terrible place," Kate went on, "especially for one like Ranald, for he has no mind to let things go. He will do a thing as it ought to be done, or not at all." Soon after this Kate gave her mind to her horses, and in a short time headed them for home.

"What a delightful drive we have had!" said Mrs. Murray, gratefully, as Kate took her upstairs to her room.

"I hope I have not worried you with my dismal forebodings," she said, with a little laugh.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Murray, drawing her face down to the pillow where Kate had made her lay her head. "I think I understand," she added, in a whisper.

Then Kate laid her face beside that of her friend and whispered, "Oh, auntie, it is so hard for him;" but Mrs. Murray stroked her head softly and said: "There is no fear, Kate; all will be well with him."

Immediately after dinner Kate carried Mrs. Murray with her to her own room, and, after establishing her in all possible comfort, she began to read extracts from Coley's letters.

"Here is the first, auntie; they are more picturesque than elegant, but if you knew Coley, you wouldn't mind; you'd be glad to get any letter from him." So saying, Kate turned her back to the window, a position with the double advantage of allowing the light to fall upon the paper and the shadow to rest upon her face, and so proceeded to read:

"*Dear Miss Kate:* We got here—[that is, to New Westminster] last night, and it is a queer town. The streets run every way, the houses are all built of wood, and almost none of them are painted. The streets are full of all sorts of people. I saw lots of Chinamen and Indians. It makes a feller feel kind o' queer, as if he was in some foreign country. The hotel where we stopped was a pretty good lookin' place. Of course, nothin' like the hotel we stopped at in San Francisco. It was pretty fine inside, but after supper, when the crowd began to come in to the bar, you never saw such a gang in your life! They knew how to sling their money, I can tell you. And then they begun to yell and cut up. I tell you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it would make the Ward seem like a Sunday-school. The Boss, that's what they call him here, I guess didn't like it much, and I don't think you would, either. Next morning we went to look at the mills. They are just sheds with slab roofs. I don't think much of them myself, though I don't know much about mills. The Boss went round askin' questions, and I don't think he liked the look of them much either. I know he kept his lips shut pretty tight, as we used to see him do sometimes in the Institute. I am awful glad he brought me along. He says I have got to write to you at least once a month, and I've got to take care of my writin' too, and get the spellin' right. When I think of the fellers back in the alleys pitchin' pennies, I tell you, I'd ruther die than go back. Here a feller feels he's alive. I wish I'd paid more attention to my writin' in the night school, but I guess I was pretty much of a fool them days, and you were awful good to me. The Boss says that a man must always pay his way, and when I told him I wanted to pay for them clothes you gave me he looked kind o' funny, but he said, 'That's right;' so I want you to tell me what they cost, and I will pay you first thing, for I'm goin' to be a man out in this country. We're goin' up the river next week and see the gangs workin' up there in the bush. It's kind o' lonesome here goin' along the street and lookin' people in the faces to see if you can see one you know. Lots of times I thought I did see some one I knew, but it wasn't. Good-by, I'll write you soon again. Yours truly,

"MICHAEL COLE.

"The second letter," Kate went on, "is written from the camp, Twentymile Camp, he calls it. He tells how they went up the river in the steamer, taking with them some new hands for their camp, and how these men came on board half drunk, and how all the way up to Yale they were drinking and fighting. It must have been horrible. After that they went on smaller boats and then by wagons. On the roads it must have been terrible. Coley seems much impressed with the big trees. He says:

"These big trees are pretty hard to write about without sayin' words the Boss don't allow. It makes you think of bein' in St. Michael's, it's so quiet and solemn-like, and I never felt so small in all my life. The Boss and me walked the last part of the way, and got to camp late and pretty tired, and the men we brought in with us was all pretty mad, but the Boss never paid no attention to 'em, but went whistlin' about as if everything was lovely. We had some pork and beans for supper, then went to sleep in a bunk nailed up against the side of the shanty. It was as hard as a board, but I tell you it felt pretty good. Next day I went wanderin' round with the foreman and the Boss. I tell you I was afraid to get very far away from 'em, for I'd be sure to get lost; the bush is that thick that you can't see your own length ahead of you. That night, when the Boss and me and the foreman was in the shanty they call the office, after supp r, we heard a most awful row. 'What's that?' says the Boss. 'O, that's nothin',' says the foreman; 'the boys is havin' a little fun, I guess.' He didn't say anything, but went on talkin', but in a little while the row got worse, and we heard poundin' and smashin'. 'Do you allow that sort of thing?' says the Boss. 'Well,' he says, 'guess the boys got some whisky last night. I generally let 'em alone.' 'Well,' says the Boss, quiet like, 'I think you'd better go in and stop it.' 'Not if I know myself,' says the foreman; 'I ain't ordered my funeral yet.' 'Well, we'll go in and see, anyway,' says the Boss. I tell you I was kind o' scared, but I thought I might as well go along. When we got into the sleepin' shanty there was a couple of fellers with hand-spikes breakin' up the benches and knockin' things around most terrible. 'Say, boys,' yelled the foreman, and then he began to swear most awful. They didn't seem to pay much attention, but kept on knockin' around and swearin'. 'Come, now,' says the foreman, kind o' coaxin' like, 'this ain't no way to act. Get down and behave yourselves.' But still they didn't pay no attention. Then the Boss walked up to the biggest one, and when he got quite close to 'em they all got still lookin' on. 'I'll take that hand-spike,' says the Boss. 'Help yourself,' says the man, swingin' it up. I don't know what happened, it was done so quick, but before you could count three, that feller was on his knees bleedin' like a pig, and the hand-spike was out of the door, and the Boss walks up to the other feller and says, 'Put that hand-spike outside.' He begun to swear. 'Put it out,' says the Boss, quiet like, and the feller backs up and throws his hand-spike out. And the Boss up and speaks and says, 'Look here, men, I don't want to interfere with nobody, and won't while he behaves himself, but there ain't goin' to be any row like that in this camp.' Say, you ought to have seen 'em! They sat like the gang used to in the night school, and then he turned and walked out and we all follered him. I guess they ain't used to that sort of thing in this camp. I heard the men talkin' next day pretty big of what they was goin' to do, but I don't think they'll do much. They don't look that kind. Anyway, if there's goin' to be a fight, I'd feel safer with the Boss than with the whole lot of 'em.

"The letter after this," went on Kate, "tells of what happened the Sunday following:

"We'd gone out in the afternoon, Boss and me, for a walk, and when we got back the camp was just howlin' drunk, and the foreman was worst of all. They kind o' quieted down for a little when we come in, and let us get into the office, but pretty soon they began actin' up funny again and swearin' most awful. Then I see the Boss shut up his lips hard, and I says to myself, 'Look out for blood.' Then he starts over for the bunk shanty. I was mighty scared, and follered him close. Just

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as we shoved open the door a bottle come singin' through the air and smashed to a thousand bits on the beam above. 'Is that the kind of cowards you are?' says the Boss, quite cool. He didn't speak loud, but I tell you everybody heard him and got dead still. 'No, Boss,' says one feller, 'not all.' 'The man that threw that bottle,' says the Boss, 'is a coward, and the meanest kind. He's afraid to step out here for five minutes.' Nobody moved. 'Step up, ye baste,' says an Irishman, 'or it's mesilf will kick ye out of the camp.' And out the feller comes. It was the same duck that the Boss scared out of the door the first night. 'Sthand up till 'im, Billy,' says the Irishman; 'we'll see fair play. Sthand up to the gintleman.' 'Billy,' says the Boss, and his eyes was blazin' like candles; 'yer goin' to leave this camp to-morrow mornin'. You can take your choice; will you get onto your knees now or later?' With that Billy whipped out a knife and rushes at him; but the Boss grabs his wrist and gives it a twist, and the knife fell onto the floor. The Boss holds him like a baby, and picks up the knife and throws it into the fire. 'Now,' says he, 'get onto your knees. Quick!' And the feller drops on his knees and bellered like a calf. 'Let's pray,' says some one, and the crowd howls. 'Give us yer hand, Boss,' says the Irishman. 'Yer the top o' this gang.' The Irishman shoves out his clipper, and the Boss takes it in an easy kind of a way. My, you o't to seen that Irishman squirm. 'Howly Mither!' he yells and dances round, 'what do ye think yer got?' and he goes off lookin' at his fingers, and the Boss stands lookin' at 'em, and says, 'You're a nice lot of fellers: you don't deserve it, but I'm goin' to treat you fair. I know you feel Sunday pretty slow, and I'll try to make it better for you; but I want you to know that I won't have any more row in this camp, and I won't have any man here that can't behave himself. To-morrow morning, *you*,' pointin' at the foreman, 'and you, Billy,' and *you*,' pointin' at another chap, 'leave the camp,' and they did, too, though they begged and prayed to let 'em stay; and by next Sunday we had a lot of papers and books with pictures in 'em, and a bang-up dinner, and everything went nice. I am likin' it fine. I'm time-keeper, and look after the store; but I drive the team, too, every chance I get, and I'd ruther do that a long way. But many a night, I tell you, when the Boss and me is alone, we talk about you and the Institute fellers, and the Boss—

"Well, that's all," said Kate, "but isn't it terrible? Aren't they dreadful?"

"Poor fellows," said Mrs. Murray; "it's a very hard life for them."

"But isn't it awful, auntie? They might kill him," said Kate.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Murray, in a soothing voice, "but it sounds worse to us perhaps than it is."

Mrs. Murray had not lived in the Indian Lands for nothing.

"Oh, if anything should happen to him!" said Kate, with sudden agitation.

"We must just trust him to the great Keeper," said Mrs. Murray, quietly, "in whose keeping all are safe, whether there or here."

Then, going to her valise, she took out a letter and handed it to Kate, saying, "That's his last to me. You can look at it, Kate."

Kate took the letter and put it in her desk. "I think perhaps we had better go down now," she said; "I expect Colonel Thorp has come. I think you will like him. He seems a little rough, but he is a gentleman, and has a true heart," and they went downstairs.

It is the mark of a gentleman to know his kind. He has an instinct for what is fine and offers ready homage to what is worthy. Any one observing Colonel Thorp's manner of receiving Mrs. Murray would have known him at once for a gentleman, for when that little lady came into the drawing-room, dressed in her decent silk gown, with soft white lace at her throat, bearing herself with sweet dignity, and stepping with dainty grace on her toes, after the manner of the fine ladies of the old school, and not after the flat-footed, heel-first modern style, the Colonel abandoned his usual careless manner and rose and stood rigidly at attention.

"Auntie, this is my friend Colonel Thorp," said Kate.

"Proud to know you, madam," said the Colonel, with his finest military bow.

"And I am glad to meet Colonel Thorp; I have heard so much of him through my friends," and she smiled at him with such genuine kindliness that the gallant Colonel lost his heart at once.

"Your friends have been doing me proud," he said, bowing to her and then to Kate.

"Oh, you needn't look at me," said Kate; "you don't imagine I have been saying nice things about you? She has other friends that think much of you."

"Yes," said Mrs. Murray; "Ranald has often spoken of you, Colonel Thorp, and of your kindness," said Mrs. Murray.

The Colonel looked doubtful. "Well, I don't know that he thinks much of me. I have had to be pretty hard on him."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Murray.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, I reckon you know him pretty well," began the Colonel.

"Well, she ought to," said Kate; "she brought him up, and his many virtues he owes mostly to my dear aunt's training."

"Oh, Kate, you must not say that," said Mrs. Murray, gravely.

"Then," said the Colonel, "you ought to be proud of him. You produced a rare article in the commercial world, and that is a man of honor. He is not for sale; and I want to say that I feel as safe about the company's money out there as if I was settin' on it; but he needs watching," added the Colonel, "he needs watching."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Murray, whose pale face had flushed with pleasure and pride at the Colonel's praise of Ranald.

"Too much philanthropy," said the Colonel, bluntly; "the British-American Coal and Lumber Company ain't a benevolent society exactly."

"I am glad you spoke of that, Colonel Thorp; I want to ask you about some things that I don't understand. I know that the company are criticising some of Ranald's methods, but don't know why exactly."

"Now, Colonel," cried Kate, "stand to your guns."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I am going to execute a masterly retreat, as they used to say when a fellow ran away. I am going to get behind my company. They claim, you see, that Ranald ain't a paying concern."

"But how?" said Mrs. Murray.

Then the Colonel enumerated the features of Ranald's management most severely criticised by the company. He paid the biggest wages going; the cost of supplies for the camps was greater, and the company's stores did not show as large profits as formerly. "And of course," said the Colonel, "the first aim of any company is to pay dividends, and the manager that can't do that has to go."

Then Mrs. Murray proceeded to deal with the company's contentions, going at once with swift intuition to the heart of the matter. "You were speaking of honor a moment ago, Colonel. There is such a thing in business?"

"Certainly; that's why I put that young man where he is."

"That means that the company expect him to deal fairly by them."

"That's about it."

"And, being a man of honor, I suppose he will also deal fairly by the men and by himself."

"I guess so," said the Colonel.

"I don't pretend to understand the questions fully, but from Ranald's letters I have gathered that he did not consider that justice was being done either to the men or to the company. For instance, in the matter of stores—I may be wrong in this, you will correct me, Colonel—I understand it was the custom to charge the men in the camps for the articles they needed prices three or four times what was fair."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I guess things *were* a little high, but that's the way every company does."

"And then I understand that the men were so poorly housed and fed and so poorly paid that only those of the inferior class could be secured."

"Well, I guess they weren't very high-class," said the Colonel; "that's right enough."

"But, Colonel, if you secure a better class of men, and you treat them in a fair and honorable way, with some regard to their comfort, you ought to get better results in work, shouldn't you?"

"Well, that's so," said the Colonel; "there never was such an amount of timber got out with the same number of men since the company started work, but yet the thing don't pay, and that's the trouble. The concern must pay or go under."

"Yes, that's quite true, Colonel," said Mrs. Murray; "but why doesn't your concern pay?"

"Well, you see, there's no market; trade is dull and we can't sell to advantage."

"But surely that is not your manager's fault," said Mrs. Murray, "and surely it would be an unjust thing to hold him responsible for that."

"But the company don't look at things in that light," said the Colonel. "You see, they figure it this way: stores ain't bringing in the returns they used to, the camps cost a little more, wages are a little higher, there ain't nothing coming in, and they say, 'Well, that chap out there means well, with his reading-rooms

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the mill hands, his library in the camp, and that sort of thing, but he ain't sharp enough!'"

"Sharp enough! that's a hard word, Colonel," said Mrs. Murray, earnestly, "and it may be a cruel word, but if Ranald were ever so sharp he really couldn't remove the real cause of the trouble. You say he has produced larger results than ever before, and if the market were normal there would be larger returns. Then, it seems to me, Colonel, that if Ranald suffers he is suffering, not because he has been unfaithful or incompetent, but because the market is bad, and that, I am certain, you would not consider fair."

"You must not be too hard on us," said the Colonel. "So far as I am concerned, I think you are right, but it is a hard thing to make business men look at these things in anything but a business way."

"But it should not be hard, Colonel," said Mrs. Murray, with sad earnestness, "to make even business men see that when honor is the price of dividends the cost is too great," and, without giving the Colonel an opportunity of replying, she went on with eager enthusiasm to show how the laws of the kingdom of heaven might be applied to the great problems of labor. "And it would pay, Colonel," she cried, "it would pay in money, but far more it would pay in what cannot be bought for money—in the lives and souls of men, for unjust and uncharitable dealing injures more the man who is guilty of it than the man who suffers from it in the first instance."

"Madam," answered the Colonel, gravely, "I feel you are right, and I should be glad to have you address the meeting of our shareholders, called for next month, to discuss the question of our Western business."

"Do you mean Ranald's position?" asked Kate.

"Well, I rather think that will come up."

"Then," said Mrs. Murray, unconsciously claiming the Colonel's allegiance, "I feel sure there will be one advocate at least for fair and honorable dealing at that meeting." And the Colonel was far too gallant to refuse to acknowledge the claim, but simply said, "You may trust me, madam; I shall do my best."

"I only wish papa were here," said Kate. "He is a shareholder, isn't he? And I wish he could hear you, auntie; but he and mamma won't be home for two weeks."

"Oh, Kate," cried Mrs. Murray, "you make me ashamed, and I fear I have been talking too much."

At this point Harry came in. "I just came over to send you to bed," he said, kissing his aunt and greeting the others. "You are all to look your most beautiful to-morrow."

"Well," said the Colonel, slowly, "that won't be hard for the rest of you, and it don't matter much for me, and I hope we ain't going to lose our music."

"No, indeed!" cried Kate, sitting down at the piano, while the Colonel leaned back in his easy chair and gave himself up to an hour's unmingled delight.

"You have given more pleasure than you know to a wayfaring man," he said, as he bade her good-night.

"Come again, when you are in town; you are always welcome, Colonel Thorp," she said.

"You may count me here every time," said the Colonel. Then, turning to Mrs. Murray, with a low bow, he said, "You have given me some ideas, madam, that I hope may not be quite unfruitful, and as for that young man of yours, well—I—guess—you ain't—hurt his cause any. We'll put up a fight, anyway."

"I am glad to have met you, Colonel Thorp," said Mrs. Murray, "and I am quite sure you will stand up for what is right," and with another bow the Colonel took his leave.

"Now, Harry, you must go, too," said Kate; "you can see your aunt again after to-morrow, and I must get my beauty sleep; besides, I don't want to stand up with a man gaunt and hollow-eyed for lack of sleep," and she bundled him off in spite of his remonstrances. But eager as Kate was for her beauty sleep, the light burned late in her room; and long after she had seen Mrs. Murray snugly tucked in for the night, she sat with Ranald's open letter in her hand, reading it till she almost knew it by heart. It told, among other things, of his differences with the company in regard to stores, wages, and supplies, and of his efforts to establish a reading-room at the mills and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a library at the camps; but there was a sentence at the close of the letter that Kate read over and over again with the light of a great love in her eyes and with a cry of pain in her heart. "The magazines and papers that Kate sends are a great boon. Dear Kate, what a girl she is! I know none like her; and what a friend she has been to me ever since the day she stood up for me at Quebec. You remember I told you about that. What a guy I must have been! but she never showed a sign of shame. I often think of that now, how different she was from another! I see it now as I could not then—a man is a fool once in his life, but I have got my lesson and still have a good, true friend." Often she read and long she pondered the last words. It was so easy to read too much into them. "A good, true friend." She looked at the words till the tears came. Then she stood up and looked at herself in the glass.

"Now, young woman," she said, severely, "be sensible and don't dream dreams until you are asleep, and to sleep you must go forthwith." But sleep was slow to come, and, strange to say, it was the thought of the little woman in the next room that quieted her heart and sent her to sleep, and next day she was looking her best. And when the ceremony was over, and the guests were assembled at the wedding breakfast, there were not a few who agreed with Harry when, in his speech, he threw down his gage as champion for the peerless bridesmaid whom for the hour—alas, too short!—he was privileged to call his "lady fair." For while Kate had not the beauty of form and face and the fascination of manner that turned men's heads and made Maimie the envy of all her set, there were in her a wholesomeness, a fearless sincerity, a noble dignity, and that indescribable charm of a true heart that made men trust her and love her as only good women are loved. At last the brilliant affair was all over, the rice and old boots were thrown, the farewell words spoken and tears shed, and then the aunts came back to the empty and disordered house.

"Well, I am glad for Maimie," said Aunt Frank; "it is a good match."

"Dear Maimie," replied Aunt Murray, with a gentle sigh, "I hope she will be happy."

"After all, it is much better," said Aunt Frank.

"Yes, it is much better," replied Mrs. Murray; and then she added, "How lovely Kate looked! What a noble girl she is!" but she did not explain even to herself, much less to Aunt Frank, the nexus of her thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Alexander Hamilton. By Charles A. Conant. (The Riverside Biographical Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4×6¾ in. 145 pages. 65c., net.

A capital example of well-balanced and thoroughly interesting condensed biography, covering the salient points of Hamilton's life, and bringing out his political attitude, his temperament and his service to the country with entire distinctness.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¾×9 in. 193 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice, together with other notable illustrated books of the season.

American Literature. By Alphonso G. Newcomer. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 364 pages.

This latest addition to the rapidly increasing literature of text-books about American literature will take its place among the very best works of this kind which have yet appeared. It is thoroughly well balanced, concise and effective in style, with a minimum of generalization and a maximum of clear-cut characterization, good judgment in the grouping of authors, an unusually sound perspective of relative literary values, and a group of suggestions for study which are helpful because they are suggestive. The book has also the great advantage of being interesting. The general student of American literature will find it very pleasant reading, because Professor Newcomer has not only accuracy of knowledge, but imagination and a sense of form. There are, of course, positions taken in the book which will not pass unchallenged; and the relative space devoted to certain authors will seem larger or smaller than is just according to the predilection of the reader. As a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole, however, the judgments are eminently fair, the detailed criticism of individual writers discriminating, and the book pervaded throughout by thorough sanity.

An American Woman. By Annie S. Swan. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 336 pages. $1.50.

Aphrodite: The Romance of a Sculptor's Masterpiece. By Franklin Kent Gifford. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 351 pages. $1.50.

Arabian Nights' Entertainments (The). Translated from the Arabic by E. W. Lane. Illustrated in Photogravure by Stanley Wood. In 6 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. $9.

Reserved for later notice, together with other notable illustrated books of the season.

Asgard Stories: Tales from Norse Mythology. By Mary H. Foster and Mabel H. Cummings. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 110 pages. 36c.

Bardos Cubanos. By Elijah Clarence Hills. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 162 pages.

This volume ought to inspire among Cubans a greater love of country, and among non-Cubans a greater admiration of a land which could produce Heredia, Avellenada, and Milanés. The volume comprises an anthology of the best poems of these and four other Cuban poets. An interesting feature lies in the fact that some of the included patriotic poems had not yet been published in the island on account of Spanish official censure. There are also biographies of the poets and a bibliography. Though belonging to the Spanish school, Cuban poetry has marked peculiarities of its own. The present volume is worthy of study as enlightening us both in the history of literature and also in understanding esoteric Cuban life.

At the Sign of the Ginger Jar: Some Verses Gay and Grave. By Ray Clarke Rose. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8½ in. 208 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

Beautiful Characters. By James Paton, D.D. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7¾ in. 115 pages. 50c.

Because of Conscience. By Amy E. Blanchard. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 355 pages.

Birthday Poems of the Century. By Ernest Green Dodge. Illustrated. M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 186 pages. $1.

Book of the Dead (The). (Books on Egypt and Chaldea. Vols. VI., VII., VIII.) By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt. D., D. Lit. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. $3.75, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Book of the Grape (The). By H. W. Ward, F.R.H.S. (Handbooks of Practical Gardening.) Vol. III. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 97 pages.

Brenda's Summer at Rockley. By Helen Leah Reed. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 376 pages. $1.20, net.

The author of this book is one of the best equipped of our writers for girls of larger growth. Her stories are strong, intelligent, and wholesome. The scenes of the present story for girls are laid along the north shore of the Massachusetts coast—historic ground, of which the author avails herself, and works in, amid the play of story, instructive information.

Candle-Lightin' Time. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 127 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice, together with other notable illustrated books of the season.

Cedar Creek: A Poem. By W. H. Polhamus. The Imperial Press, Cleveland, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 50 pages.

Cheer Book (The). By Amos R. Wells. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 201 pages. $1, net.

Child of Nature (A). By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 125 pages. $1.80, net.

Reserved for later notice, together with other notable illustrated books of the season.

Church in the Fort and Other Sermons (The). By David James Burrell, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 316 pages. $1.50.

Dr. Burrell is at his best on practical topics, his forceful and felicitous treatment of which many discourses in this collection illustrate. But when he enters on scientific ground, declares evolution to be a mere hypothesis opposed by scientists themselves, and that the Mosaic cosmogony still stands like Gibraltar, one may be excused for thinking of Br'er Jasper's "the sun do move."

Cute Sayings of Children: A Collection of Humorous Anecdotes and Bits of Talk of American Children. The Attic Publishing Co., Scranton, Pa. 4¾×7 in. 89 pages. 25c.

Daughter of the Huguenots (A). By Elizabeth W. Champney. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 315 pages. $1.35, net.

This is a really valuable book from a historical point of view. In tracing the story of a notable Huguenot family, and especially the love story of Yvonne de Fontenay—who settled in New Rochelle, N. Y.—we obtain an insight into the vicissitudes of most of the noble Huguenot families of France and later of America.

Diseases of the Digestive Organs in Infancy and Childhood. By Louis Starr, M.D. (Third Edition. Rewritten and Enlarged.) Illustrated. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8¼ in. 448 pages. $3, net.

This is a third edition of this volume. The author is a recognized authority in his department. The volume is intended and adapted for professional use, not for the instruction of the laity. Its mechanical execution is admirable.

Divine Pursuit (The). By John Edgar McFadyen, B.A., M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 209 pages. $1.

The quest both of man for God and of God for man is the general subject of these brief chapters of devotional meditation. They breathe an invigorating air on the uplands of spiritual life.

Early Religion of Israel: As Set Forth by Biblical Writers and by Modern Critical Historians. By James Robertson, D.D. In 2 vols. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7¾ in. $1.60 per set.

This is a second edition, and the work well deserves the compliment accorded it by the fact that a second edition has been so soon called for. We regard it as one of the best criticisms of the modern or evolutionary view of the Old Testament, and one of the best

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

defenses of the older or non-evolutionary view. The two views are stated with great clearness in the second chapter, although the more orthodox of the so-called modern school would hardly accept as accurate Dr. Robertson's description of their position. The author next considers the two views, and in weighing them against each other makes the prophetic period—the ninth-eighth centuries B.C.—his starting-point, and argues with great force that these writings make it quite clear that "this period is neither the earliest literary period nor the time of the commencement of the prophetic religion;" that, on the contrary, we must greet the so-called first literary age of Israel as Emerson greeted Walt Whitman: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere for such a start." We cannot follow our author here in the argument which leads him to his conclusion that what he calls the Biblical theory, while sometimes burdened with needless assumptions, will stand the test of a sober and common-sense criticism, and that, on the contrary, the modern critical theory, although it has been able to point out difficulties connected with the Biblical theory, "raises difficulties of a much more serious kind in the way of its own acceptance." The author has not brought us to his conclusions, although he has shown very good reasons for questioning the positions of the more radical of the critical school. His spirit is admirable; it shows no trace of either passion or intolerance; and his line of argument must be taken serious account of by the careful and critical student of this problem. For the lay reader, he assumes too familiar an acquaintance with the writings of Stade and Wellhausen. His work would have been more widely valuable if it had relegated discussion of their arguments to an appendix.

Early Church (The): Its History and Literature. By James Orr, M.A., D.D. (Christian Study Manuals.) A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 4¼×7 in. 146 pages. 60c.

For the general reader this is an easy introduction to church history. It is also a convenient text-book for religious instruction in upper schools or classes.

First Principles of Nursing. By Anne R. Manning. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 149 pages. $1, net.

Forma Gordeyev. By Maxime Gorky. Illustrated. Translated by Herman Bernstein. The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 436 pages. $1.

A new translation of the much-discussed novel which was commented on at length in The Outlook a month ago.

Fortunes of Glencore (The): A Rent in a Cloud. By Charles Lever. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¼×8 in. 633 pages. $2 each.

This volume and that called "Tony Butler" belong to that class of Charles Lever's novels which deals chiefly with foreign life, as distinguished from his military novels, his novels of Irish social life, and his novels of adventure pure and simple. Neither of the books shows Lever at his very best, but both contain a good deal of his riotous fun and liveliness. The edition is a decidedly handsome one; other volumes have been published in the same form, although not, as far as we remember, recently.

Francis: The Little Poor Man of Assisi. By James Adderley. Introduction by Paul Sabatier. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 167 pages.

This small volume, well printed and bound, comprises an admirable short biography of St. Francis of Assisi. To it M. Paul Sabatier—who has written what must be regarded as the standard biography of the Saint—contributes an introduction. M. Sabatier contends that the life of St. Francis illustrates the mind of Jesus; in respect to poverty, for instance, the Umbrian prophet entered further into the heart of Jesus than did Paul himself. Mr. Adderley's biography is, as he himself admits, little more than an epitome of the principal parts of the Sabatier book.

Freshman English and Theme-Correcting in Harvard College. By C. T. Copeland and H. M. Rideout. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 124 pages. $1.

Both teachers and learners of the art of writing good English will find this exhibition of the method followed at Harvard suggestive and serviceable. It not only exhibits the method, but shows the results in specimens of the average product of the mill.

George Washington and Other American Addresses. By Frederic Harrison, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 252 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Giovanni Segantini. By L. Villari. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7½×11½ in. 207 pages. $6.

Reserved for later notice with other important art books.

Gist of the Lesson (The) for Sunday-School Teachers. By R. A. Torrey. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Vest pocket size. 25c.

Grand Opera in America. By Henry C. Lahee. **A Critical History of Opera.** By Arthur Elsen. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. $1.50 each.

We have had occasion to say before that the notable increase in American literature about music is a sign of a healthy interest in an art too often neglected by Americans. The present volumes are parts of a series which covers the entire field of music in a popular way.

Hearts of Men (The). By H. Fielding. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 324 pages. $3.

Practically, though not professedly, this is a study of comparative religion, in answer to the practical question, What is the use of religion? A boy brought up under the influence of pious but narrow-minded women loses the beliefs he was born into, and spends years in quest of a religion that affords him a reasonable theory of the universe, a workable and working code of conduct, and the hope of a desirable life hereafter. In this quest he corrects some mistakes; he learns that religion is different from religions, that creeds are not religion but its grammar, that religion unites those whom creeds divide, that "the hearts of men" are the book in which its universal testimony is inscribed. But he does not rise out of the gravitating incubus of false teachings. His

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conception of Christianity is feminine, and ignores its virile element. His conception of religion presents it as an impulsive, "intoxicant," unethicized feeling, lacking the moral quality of friendship with God. The imitation of Christ seems to him to involve celibacy and asceticism. In no religion does he find a code of conduct for daily life, not even in Christianity. Here he misses the larger fact that, while Christ enjoined no code, he did better by inculcating principles. And no representative exponent of theism would accept his account of it as involving continued divine interferences with the natural order of the world. Such errors are a warning to students of comparative religion not to depend too much or mainly on ecclesiastical authorities. The conclusion reached is more satisfactory than many parts of the argument. Religion beautifies and uplifts the life of the genuinely religious, whatever their creed. It is the foe of all pessimism, a joyous and virile element of character. The main merit of Mr. Fielding's work is the religious catholicity it teaches. In its non-ethical conception of religion, and its ascetic and exclusively feminine conception of Christianity, it is seriously defective.

Held for Orders: Stories of Railroad Life. By Frank H. Spearman. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 359 pages. $1.50.

We have more than once spoken of the vigor and special knowledge shown in Mr. Spearman's tales of railroad life, and our readers will remember with pleasure stories and sketches from Mr. Spearman's pen which have appeared in The Outlook. The present collection is in no way inferior to this author's former work. Here as elsewhere the plot interests always center around the courage, coolness, and resourcefulness of railway operatives. Each contains an incident which is at the same time both possible and thrilling.

Heroines of Fiction. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8½ in. In 2 vols. $3.75, net.

Reserved for later notice, together with other notable illustrated books of the season.

Her Sixteenth Year. By Helen Dawes Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 191 pages. $1, net.

A very sweet and attractive story in Miss Brown's direct and wholesome manner, describing a year in a girl's life, with incidental pictures of a New England town, a charming account of one of Emerson's lectures, of a Harvard Class Day, and of a visit to New York.

History of the World (A). By Victor Duruy. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. Per set, $4.

The new edition of Professor Grosvenor's exact and sympathetic translation of Duruy's standard work has an appendix, the continuation to 1901 of the history from 1848, where the French writer stopped, and this is the work of the Amherst professor himself. To it no higher praise can be given than to say that it is worthy of its place as appendant to the Duruy text. Secondly, the new edition is accompanied by some capital colored maps and illustrations. The reading of this work, whether in French or English, ought to lead to the reading of the other Duruy histories, those of Greece, France, Rome, of the Middle and of the Modern Ages.

House with the Green Shutters (The). By George Douglass. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 329 pages. $1.50.

Inductive Sociology: A Syllabus of Methods, Analyses and Classifications, and Provisionally Formulated Laws. By Franklin Henry Giddings, Ph.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 302 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Island Patty. By Mary E. Q. Brush. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7¼ in. 96 pages. 35c.

Isle of the Shamrock (The). By Clifton Johnson. Illustrated by the Author. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 258 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice, together with other notable illustrated books of the season.

Joy's Endeavor. By Annie Hamilton Donnell. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7¼ in. 48 pages. 25c.

Legends of King Arthur and His Court. By Frances Nimmo Greene. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 126 pages. 60c.

Letters of John Richard Green. Edited by Leslie Stephen. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 512 pages. $4.

The writer of these delightful letters is known far and wide in this country as the author of "Green's Short History of the English People." His letters reveal the secret of his success as a popular historian—he believed in people and in the virtues and beauties and happiness of every-day life. In a longer notice hereafter we hope to let his own words indicate what we mean.

Lighthouse Village (A). By Louis Lyndon Sibley. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 152 pages. $1.25.

A study of character, with a slight plot, in a lighthouse village on the New England coast, told largely in the dialect of the villagers; fresh, vivid, and interesting.

Lights of Child-Land. By Maud Ballington Booth. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 193 pages. $1.35, net.

An imaginative book setting forth the experiences of childhood in ideal form. The stories told have much charm.

Love in Literature and Art. Selected and Arranged by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 289 pages. $1.60, net.

Reserved for later notice, together with other notable illustrated books of the season.

Love Letters of an Irishwoman. By F. C. Voorhies. The Mutual Book Co., Boston. 4¾×7¼ in. 32 pages.

Making of Jane (The). By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 432 pages. $1.50.

A story fascinating in its human interest. Jane Ormonde—well born, as her name implies—is left alone in the world, and is taken into the home of a rich relative, one Mrs. Saunders, a woman of fashion and a slave to conventionality. The story all hinges upon Mrs. Saunders's efforts to make Jane a woman after her own heart. Against these efforts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stand out Jane's native poise and the silent endurance of her fine character. Circumstances finally help to work out her emancipation. The story affords a most interesting and effective study into the laws and by-laws of the social code which controls fashionable life.

Man of Millions (A). By S. R. Keightley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 336 pages. $1.50.

A carelessly written sensational story by a man who has done much better work.

Memories of a Musical Life. By William Mason. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×8½ in. 306 pages. $2, net.

Mr. Mason is one of the best known of living American musicians. He has had exceptional opportunities in his long life as a teacher of, composer for, and virtuoso of the piano to form friendships and associations with the famous musicians of the Old World. From his large store of such associations he has published these well-chosen reminiscences, which will interest every musician and music-lover; the volume, which is handsomely printed and illustrated, contains much that is instructive as well as readable.

Mendelssohn. By Stephen S. Stratton. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 307 pages. $1.25.

The latest addition to the excellent "Master Musicians" series. It is to be especially commended for its very full biographical and bibliographical tables.

Ministry of Comfort (The). By J. R. Miller. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 297 pages. $1.

Conformably to the meaning of "comfort" two centuries ago, the strengthening of spiritual life is the writer's aim, as well as consolation in trouble. For instance, among his short chapters is one on "Manners."

Moravian Manual (The): Containing an Account of the Moravian Church or Unitas Fratrum. (Third Edition.) Published by Authority of the Provincial Synod of the American Moravian Church, North. Times Publishing Co., Bethlehem, Pa. 5½×9 in. 117 pages.

Miracles and Myths of the New Testament (The): With Other Essays and Sermons. By Joseph May, LL.D. George H. Ellis, Boston. 4½×7 in. 191 pages. $1.

The defect of this book is one common in the critical school which it represents. The author is singularly ignorant of the views of those whom he thinks he is controverting. Thus he impliedly defines a miracle as something "contrary to the established order of nature." This definition of a miracle has been repudiated by the great evangelical teachers from the time of Augustine to the present day, and ought not to be assumed as involved in the belief in the supernatural. He argues that if one should by a word cure a diseased person, we should think "that he worked the result by forces resident in nature not yet known to us all, but an integral part of the natural order." This is exactly what believers in the miracles think miracles to have been. Any one familiar with Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural" should surely know this. No one does "expect from God, or any supernatural being, displays of disorderly superiority to law." A book arguing against such displays of "disorderly superiority to law" argues against a belief not entertained by any school of thought in the Christian Church.

My Friend Jim: A Story of Real Boys and for Them. By Martha James. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 212 pages.

Jim, the son of a mechanic, wins as friend the son of a rich man, the boy having spent a summer on a farm on account of his health. The book is thoroughly clean and helpful. It has plenty of spontaneous humor, and the descriptions of intimacy between boys and animals are capital.

My Lady Goes to Town. By Frances Aymar Mathews. Illustrated. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7¾ in. 339 pages.

A rather jolly eighteenth-century story, rich in amusing though inconsequent situations. Woman's coquetries and man's gallantries furnish motive and material, and the difference between a bravely generous lover and a mean-spirited and close-fisted one is amusingly brought out.

Mystery of Mary Stuart (The). By Andrew Lang. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 6¼×9½ in. 452 pages. $5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

National Council of Congregational Churches of the United States (The). By Rev. E. Lyman Hood, M.A., Ph.D. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 6×9¾ in. 253 pages.

This volume summarizes the proceedings not only of the series of triennial councils which began at Oberlin in 1871, but also those of four similar assemblies preceding, viz., the Newtown (Cambridge) Synod in 1637, the Cambridge Synod in 1646, the Albany Convention in 1852, and the Boston Council in 1865. These, with a variety of appended matter, mainly historical and chronological, compose a widely serviceable book.

Old Indian Legends. Retold by Zitkala-Sa. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 165 pages.

Old Times in Dixie Land: A Southern Matron's Memories. By Caroline E. Merrick. Illustrated. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 241 pages.

This is an unevenly written autobiographical sketch and description of Southern life; its transcription of negro scenes, however, is worthy of attention.

Ó Locura Ó Santidad. By José Echegaray. Edited by J. Geddes, Jr., Ph.D., and Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 115 pages. 40c.

Of all the Echegaray plays, "El Gran Galeoto" and the one included in the present volume have had the greatest celebrity. "Ó Locura Santidad" (Folly or Saintliness) was translated into English six years ago by Miss Lynch, who also translated "El Gran Galeoto" (The Great Galeoto). She published these in one volume, and thus introduced Señor Echegaray to new readers. They may now be induced to study his dramas in the original Spanish. They have an admirable opportunity in this volume, as the editor's prefaces and notes are of signal aid. In "Locura," as in all the author's dramas, there runs a thread of what we might call mathematical exact-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness—his long training as a mathematician and scientist naturally leads him in this direction. Others would call the tendency fatalism. Señor Echegaray is a sincere Christian, and is opposed to Anarchism and to extreme Socialism, but we also note that he has been influenced by the school of which Ibsen and Sudermann are perhaps the most distinguished representatives. Though drawn with overemphasized chiaroscuro and with not a few eccentricities of manner, "Locura" shows that, no matter what the groundwork be, the dramatist's aim is towards absolutely right and exalted ideals—that is to say, towards moral perfection.

Our Jim. By Edward S. Ellis, A.M. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 327 pages. $1.25.

Over the Gate. By Mary Lowe Dickinson. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7¼ in. 48 pages. 25c.

Painting in France: After the Decline of Classicism; and Contemporary French Painters. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. $1.50.

We have here an attractive new edition of the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton's volumes on French painters and painting. However, the world has outgrown many of the criticisms in these volumes.

Papa Bouchard. By Molly Elliott Seawell. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7 in. 261 pages. $1.25.

A very light farcical story in the opera-bouffe style.

Passing and the Permanent in Religion (The). By Minot Judson Savage, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 336 pages. $1.35.

Patty Fairfield. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 247 pages. $1.10, net.

This is one of the liveliest and most amusing of books for girls that have appeared for some time. The fourteen-year-old heroine visits four aunts who live in different parts of the country. The four families represent four very different ways of living and of looking at life, and the contrasts both in character and in social environment are cleverly brought out. Occasionally the high spirits of the author lead her into what is really burlesque, but to lay stress on this would perhaps be captious. The book is prettily illustrated.

Philanthropy in Missions. Ecumenical Missionary Conference. Studies I.-V. Foreign Missions Library, New York. 4¼×6¾ in. 68 pages. 25c.

Pines of Lory (The). By J. A. Mitchell. The Life Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 230 pages. $1.50.

This story has pleased a large number of readers as it has appeared in serial form. A carping critic might say that it is not possessed of an air of genuine reality, but the story is one of those light and half-fantastically conceived pieces of literary work which should not be treated too seriously or from the point of view of realism. Mr. Mitchell has a spontaneousness and vivacity that please and amuse, and, moreover, the book contains an extremely pretty love story. To question its probability would be as unreasonable as to do the same thing with Mr. Stockton's "Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine."

Pitted Against Anarchists. By W. Fretz Kemble. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 118 pages. 50c.

Primer of French Literature (A). By F. M. Warren, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 250 pages.

An excellent outline of the historical development, judiciously punctuated with criticism sententiously expressed.

Prisoners of War (The). By Archibald McCowan. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 187 pages. $1.

Prize Watch (The). By Emily Guillon Fuller. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 250 pages. $1.

Reign of Old King Cole (The). Edited by J. M. Gibbon. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 338 pages. $2.

Here is a book copiously illustrated and chuck full of stories, of as ancient and classic history as those of the indestructible Mother Goose. Not one is a new invention, yet the whimsical human interest that goes to rehabilitate them gives them fresh charm.

Reynard the Fox. Edited by Joseph L. Mora. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 7½×9½ in. 186 pages. $1.50.

Quite an elaborate holiday book, and elaborately illustrated. It gives the imaginary history of a fox in every experience possible to fox or human. It is witty and picturesque enough to please many readers of larger growth.

Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern: A Handbook for Ready Reference. By Rosa Belle Holt. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 8×11¼ in. 167 pages.

Reserved for later notice, together with other notable illustrated books of the season.

Seen in Germany. By Ray Stannard Baker. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 317 pages. $2, net.

Two of the chapters contained in Mr. Baker's book have appeared in The Outlook, and not a little evidence has reached us that they have been appreciated by our readers. Mr. Baker stands in the front rank of a group of magazine writers who have done excellent work within the last few years—work excellent because it has combined the elements of unusual powers of observation and of literary talent in presenting the results of that observation in a picturesque and readable way. The dozen chapters which make up this book are the result of a visit of some months to Germany, and the chapters show just what interested their writer personally and strongly. There is no attempt to cover the whole field of economics or of society, but individual topics are taken up and treated fully and with a broad touch. Mr. Baker's titles indicate very well the character of the book. For instance, "How the Germans Create a New Industry" tells of the manufacture of lenses and glass at Jena; "How the Germans Build Ships" tells the story of the construction of the enormous new vessels made at Stettin; "The Kaiser" deals with the personality, the fads, and the strength of the Emperor; "A German Professor" tells of Professor Haeckel both as an individual and as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standing for much that is typical in his class. The book is illustrated. It deserves and doubtless will receive a wide reading.

Selections from Walter Pater. Edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 268 pages. 75c.

Snow Baby (The): A True Story with True Pictures. By Josephine Diebitsch Peary. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 7½×10 in. 84 pages.

Mrs. Josephine D. Peary, wife of the explorer, gives here an account of the arrival of her baby daughter in the regions of the North Pole. A picture and full description are given of the indescribably queer little hut in which Marie A-ni-ghi-tr, or the Snow Baby, as the Eskimos called her, was born, and there are pictures of the baby herself in every imaginable attitude. There are also pictures of the region round about, and of the ships that go out to catch big whales. Certainly Mrs. Peary has prepared a holiday gift of unique character for the youth of America.

Sonnets and Songs. By Mary M. Adams. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 167 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Son of Satsuma (A). By Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 306 pages. $1, net.

One of the most spirited writers for boys here depicts for boys one of the most notable of American naval achievements—the Treaty of Commodore Perry with Japan. In following the story of the Son of Satsuma, American boys may learn how the Perry Treaty was really the first impulse given to Japan towards throwing off the old order of things and working itself to the front as one of the first of modern nations.

Southern Wild Flowers and Trees. By Alice Lounsberry. With Colored, Black-and-White Plates, Vignettes, and Diagrams. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 370 pages. $3.65.

Those already familiar with Mrs. Lounsberry's popular works on floriculture will hail this work with pleasure. It is practically an extension of work already begun. Her former work dealt mainly with trees, shrubs, and flora of northeastern America; this extends into more southern latitudes, and gives in popular form full knowledge of growths peculiar to them. The work is clearly indexed and finely illustrated. Some of the colored plates are really beautiful.

Soverane Herbe (The): A History of Tobacco. By W. A. Penn. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 326 pages. $1.50, net.

This is an interesting account of tobacco and its social progress. The author also recounts the history of pipes, cigars, cigarettes, and snuff. The chief importance of the book lies in the author's argument favoring the hygiene of tobacco. He endeavors to prove that tobacco is not a deadly enemy; that, on the contrary, its moderate use brings comfort and consolation.

Spectacle Man (The): A Story of the Missing Bridge. By Mary F. Leonard. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston and Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 266 pages. $1.

A charming little story, sympathetically told. The plot of the story grows out of a marriage entered into by a man whose family never forgave him; and the dénouement is worked out to a happy issue by the unconscious charm and sweet character of the man's little daughter when brought accidentally into the life of her grandmother.

Story of a Young Man (The). (A Life of Christ.) By Clifford Howard. With a Foreword by the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 6½×8¾ in. 248 pages. $2.50.

Selecting from the Gospels only enough for true representative effect in portrayal of the consciousness and character of Jesus, the author has constructed a short story of his life and ministry. The conception is original in design and ingenious in execution, though the Nativity and Infancy seem to occupy space disproportionately large. The volume is an elegant specimen of artistic book-making.

Suggestive Illustrations on the Acts of the Apostles. By the Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D. (Revised Edition.) A. J. Holman & Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 483 pages.

A carefully made collection, and one to be commended to those for whose use it announces itself as designed.

Surprise Book (The). By Nell K. McElhone. Illustrated by Albert Randall Wheelan. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 12×8 in. 137 pages.

Three Young Ranchmen. By Captain Ralph Bonehill. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 246 pages. $1.

Tony Butler. By Charles Lever. Illustrated. (The Library Edition.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¼×8 in. 566 pages.

See "Fortunes of Glencore."

Traitor's Way (The). By S. Levett-Yeats. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 329 pages.

Traveller Tales of China. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 6×8 in. 360 pages. $1.50.

True Thomas Jefferson (The). By William Eleroy Curtis. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 395 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Vanished Arcadia (A): Some Accounts of the Jesuits in Paraguay, 1607 to 1767. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (With Map.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 294 pages. $2.

We have here a picturesque chapter of history. From 1607 to 1767 the Jesuits overran Paraguay and tried to establish a great Christian commonwealth between the Paraná and Uruguay Rivers. Jesuit-haters, therefore, are recommended to read this volume: they may find that the order has been of some good after all. Our author admits that the order has wrought destruction in the world, but he insists on showing that, among the Paraguayan Indians at least, the Jesuits work like true apostles. He adds that even a Jansenist, if such be left, must yet admit the claims of a Francis Xavier as a true, humble saint. Would that all Jesuits had been as he, or as those who labored in Paraguay! Mr. Cunninghame Graham expresses what he has to say in original and picturesque phrase; and we are glad for this relief from dry-as-dust history narrations. We are also glad that this volume is well printed and light to the hand.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vice: Its Friends and Its Foes. By Edwin C. Walker. Published by the Author, New York. 5½×8 in. Paper bound, 15c.

War of the Civilizations (The): Being the Record of a "Foreign Devil's" Experiences with the Allies in China. By George Lynch. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 319 pages. $2.

The Empress Dowager of China ought to be grateful to Mr. Lynch. He is her latest apologist. In his just published and very interesting volume he takes us to Shanghai, Tungchau, Peking, Hongkong, and Canton. Everywhere we are shown cases of the stupidity and brutality of the Powers. Certainly some of the Powers accomplished awful deeds in China: a crowded junk of helpless coolies was massacred in the Pei River, and women did jump into that river to save their honor by a watery death. These things, however, do not at all prove that the usurping Regent is an admirable character. Mr. Lynch's volume has one great merit, and this lies in his detailed statement of the causes for anti-foreign hatred. He claims that the agitation against foreigners is only waiting a favorable opportunity again to burst forth fiercer than before. That opportunity will occur, he adds, as soon as the allies leave China.

What is Worth While Series. Conditions of Success in Public Life. By George F. Hoar. **War and Civilization.** By William P. Trent. **How? When? Where?** By J. R. Miller, D.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 35c. each.

White Aprons: A Romance of Bacon's Rebellion, Virginia, 1676. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 338 pages.

A new and illustrated edition of Mrs. Goodwin's colonial story. A very attractively made volume.

Winter Pilgrimage (A): Being an Account of Travels through Palestine, Italy, and the Island of Cyprus, accomplished in the Year 1900. By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 355 pages. $4.

In this book the real Rider Haggard is brought close at hand, with all his characteristic vividness of phrase directed towards the first person singular. One wishes that he might give us some more personal books, even if, to do that, he must for a while write no more novels. The present volume belongs to the kind of publication which Mr. A. J. C. Hare has done much to make popular. Mr. Haggard shows himself an equally good cicerone. We could more easily spare from his twenty-three chapters the four on Italy than the much more interesting remainder. The latter should be printed in two small volumes, which might easily be tucked into the intending traveler's pockets; one volume could comprise Cyprus and the other Palestine. This would specially please Palestine tourists, most of whom do not go to Cyprus at all, and all of whom would prefer not to be bothered with a book of the size of the present volume. In it Cyprus and Palestine occupy the same amount of text. This may seem disproportionate, but, as the former country is little visited, Mr. Haggard justly feels it incumbent on him to describe it as fully as possible. With him we believe that, if more care and capital were forthcoming, Cyprus might again become what it was of old, the garden of the Mediterranean, the land of corn and wine. As to Palestine, Mr. Haggard has done for it what Hepworth Dixon did in his "Holy Land;" and that ought to be sufficiently high praise. Perhaps the most interesting of the Haggard Palestine chapters is the one recounting the journey southward from Beirût. Throughout the author takes a certain satisfaction in rapping Americans. They are the ones who support the highest-priced hotels; they ruin the service by large fees; they overrun Palestine by cheap excursions, and the Haggards must needs journey under a deadly fire from their kodaks. If it is true, however, that Americans have been knocking off ancient carvings for souvenirs, and even have torn off the corners of the ancient roll of the Samaritan law at Nablûs, attention should certainly be called to such barbarities; but we do not believe that Americans have been guiltier of such acts than have been other travelers.

Wood-Pigeons and Mary (The). By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 192 pages. $1.25.

A charming story in Mrs. Molesworth's imaginative vein, describing the relations between a little girl and certain wood-pigeons, with a moral which is not obtruded, and with a great deal of very pleasant writing and an undercurrent of poetry; a book for an imaginative child.

Woman Who Dares (The). By Ursula N. Gestefeld. The Gestefeld Publishing Co., Pelham, New York. 5×7¾ in. 358 pages. $1.25.

Works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë. With Cottage Poems by Patrick Brontë. (The Temple Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. In 12 vols. 4×6 in. $6.

A new edition of these standard novels in twelve volumes, uniform with the previous publications in the Temple Library; small volumes, thoroughly well made, printed on paper somewhat thin, but from very clear type. The edition puts into small compass a body of fiction which, in spite of obvious defects, holds its own and is one of the most interesting contributions to English literature in the form of fiction.

Year in a Yawl (A). By Russell Doubleday. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 365 pages. $1.25.

A book written out of a first-hand experience; being the remarkable record of all that befell four boys in a thirty-four-foot yawl of their own construction, in which they sailed from Lake Michigan by way of various canals and rivers into the Mississippi, and thence coasted along the Gulf shore to Florida, up the Atlantic to Norfolk, Philadelphia, and New York. Then they continue leisurely up the Hudson into Lake Erie Canal, etc., covering in all seven thousand miles. The story is alive with the spirit of youthful observation, glee, and adventure.

Young Barbarians. By Ian Maclaren. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 318 pages. $1.35, net.

In this story, or rather collection of stories, Dr. Watson describes the boy life of a generation ago in a small Scotch town. While it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is hardly probable that these sketches will reach the popularity of those contained in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," they contain a careful presentation of character, and many of the incidents of school life are of the kind that will hold the interest of boy readers.

Young Mrs. Teddy. By Barbara Yechton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 309 pages. $1.50.

Here is a story of a large-hearted Western girl whose generosity impels her into a somewhat Utopian scheme for the betterment of others. Herself the daughter of a rich mine-owner, she marries a poor young man, and then, in the large impulse of her generosity, seeks to better all his near relatives by bringing them within her own opulent home, where she plans careers for them. The result, of course, shows the futility of any scheme for individual uprising which is not projected and propelled by the individual himself. In this case misunderstandings arise and schemes miscarry. Eventually the generous woman founds a school for industrial design, which works well, and her generous impulses may be said to have proved a practical success. The story is well written and well worth reading.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

What is the gist of the objection taken by large sections of the Christian Church to dancing as a social amusement? Name some books for and against it written by Christian men. J. G.

It is mainly against the various forms of the "round dance," and the close personal contact of the sexes therein, as being in many cases suggestive and provocative of evil. Christian literature on the subject is altogether adverse. A variety of inexpensive publications may be procured of Eaton & Mains, New York.

What book or books will give me a reliable account of the religious history of England from the Roman invasion? J. B. McC.

There is nothing better than the work by Dr. Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, "A Popular History of the Church of England from the Earliest Times" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, $2.50).

"The Weaknesses of Spiritualism:" "A. P." writes at length asking a brief statement of these. The cardinal proposition in which alone all Spiritualists agree is that discarnate spirits communicate with their friends and others who survive them here. That a great amount of illusion attaches to this proposition, by mistaking phenomena of a mundane origin in the minds of "the living" for communications from "the dead," has been fully admitted by Spiritualists themselves. Many clever impostures have also been detected and publicly exposed. A great weakness of Spiritualism is the uncritical attitude which, in spite of an immense amount of illusion and imposture, most of its adherents maintain toward the phenomena in which they are interested. The reality of such communications is still an open question. The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research exemplify the critical method requisite in such inquiries. A second defect lies in the confessed impossibility of determining whether the spirits, supposing they do communicate, are good or evil sprits, worthy of our attention, or frauds and deceivers. Still another great weakness of Spiritualism is in its misplaced emphasis on external and physical phenomena for evidence of immortality, rather than on those which are internal, moral, and rational. It is much easier to suspect our senses or our critical estimate of the testimony of our senses than to suspect the very structure of our moral and rational nature. It is in this latter that the surest evidence for immortality is found.

Noting the discussion of several contributors to this column concerning the authorship of the saying, "Sow an act and you reap a habit," etc., a valued correspondent reminds us of the forgotten fact that some years ago Dr. George Dana Boardman, to whom it had been attributed, printed his disclaimer of it in our columns. Dr. Boardman quoted it from "The New Testament for English Readers," edited by Ellicott, and is not in fault if the quotation marks in his MS. are not reproduced, as "C. E. S." says, in an edition for which he had no responsibility. Furthermore, Dr. Boardman's quotation was accurate, as its reproduction by "C. E. S." and the rest is not, viz.: "Sow an act—reap a habit; sow a habit—reap a character; sow a character—reap a destiny."

On the history of Russia, "J. M. C." would add to our references given October 26, that Rambaud's "Popular History" was published in an English translation, three volumes, by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, 1879; also that a one-volume history of "The Rise of the Russian Empire," by H. H. Munro, was issued by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, 1900.

"Christian Nurture" for September contains, in addition to wise and practical counsels to parents and teachers, references to a good number of books likely to be of service to many who inquire of The Outlook for literature on the subject of the religious education of children, and the best lines for their instruction in the Bible.

Bible Stories for Children. Many who write inquiring for such books should know of the series now being published in the weekly issues of "Unity," beginning October 17. The author is Mr. W. L. Sheldon. Nothing better has ever come to our notice. The series began with the story of Adam and Eve, and continues in the Biblical order. Address "Unity," Chicago. Price 5 cents a copy.

The poem beginning

> "And as the dove to far Palmyra flying"

is entitled "Disappointment," was written by Maria Gowen Brooks ("Maria del Occidente"), and may be found entire in the volume of Charles Dudley Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature entitled "Songs, Hymns, and Lyrics."

P. R. L.

"M. R.," who was answered in this column September 14, and others may be glad to learn that the American Book Company, New York, publish an admirable book of "Bible Reading for Schools," by Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania; and also Wight's "Selections from the Bible," the list prices of which are thirty-five and forty cents. H. G. N.

Where can I find the best account of life at Hartwell (England), and at Holyrood, from 1805 to 1814? Hartwell and Holyrood were refuges for French emigrés—certain of whom I am interested in.

J. M. P.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Queen Quality

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Boots $3.00

Oxfords $2.50

The Famous Shoe for Women

"They Fit Where Others Fail"

Perfect Fitting shoes are always **Perfectly Comfortable** shoes, and the combination of **Elegance with Ease** which exists in Queen Quality footwear explains why Queen Quality sales have eclipsed all footwear records. . . . .

Sold in 2,500 Cities and Towns. Only One Dealer in a Town.

Our Catalogue shows our many styles for Street, Dress, and House wear; sent **FREE** with address of local dealer on request. Shoes sent prepaid on receipt of price and 25 cents additional. Boots, $3.25; Oxfords, $2.75. . . . . .

THOS. G. PLANT CO., BOSTON, MASS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New Departure.

A New, Effectual, and Convenient Cure for Catarrh.

Of catarrh remedies there is no end, but of catarrh cures there has always been a great scarcity. There are many remedies to relieve, but very few that really cure.

The old practice of snuffing salt water through the nose would often relieve, and the washes, douches, powders, and inhalers in common use are very little, if any, better than the old fashioned salt water douche.

The use of inhalers and the application of salves, washes, and powders to the nose and throat to cure catarrh is no more reasonable than to rub the back to cure kidney disease. Catarrh is just as much a blood disease as kidney trouble or rheumatism, and it cannot be cured by local treatment any more than they can be.

To cure catarrh, whether in the head, throat, or stomach, an internal antiseptic treatment is necessary to drive the catarrhal poison out of the blood and system, and the new catarrh cure is designed on this plan, and the remarkable success of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is because, being used internally, it drives out catarrhal infection through action upon stomach, liver, and bowels.

Wm. Zimmerman, of St. Joseph, relates an experience with catarrh which is of value to millions of catarrh sufferers everywhere. He says: "I neglected a slight nasal catarrh until it gradually extended to my throat and bronchial tubes and finally even my stomach and liver became affected, but as I was able to keep up and do a day's work I let it run along until my hearing began to fail me and then I realized that I must get rid of catarrh or lose my position, as I was clerk and my hearing was absolutely necessary.

"Some of my friends recommended an inhaler, another a catarrh salve, but they were no good in my case, nor was anything else until I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and bought a package at my drug store. They benefited me from the start, and in less than four months I was completely cured of catarrh, although I had suffered nearly all my life from it.

They are pleasant to take and so much more convenient to use than other catarrh remedies that I feel I cannot say enough in favor of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets."

A little book on cause and cure of catarrh will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., and the tablets are sold by all druggists in the United States and Canada.

Imperial Steam Cooker

Cooks a whole meal over one burner, *on gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove*

Reduces Fuel Bills One-half

Makes tough meats tender.

Prevents steam and odors.

DINNER SETS, BICYCLES, WATCHES and Other VALUABLE PREMIUMS given with order for Cookers. Write for terms.

We pay express. **Agents Wanted.**

Imperial Cooker Co. Dept. O, Baltimore, Md.

Use SAPOLIO

Complaining

about your Soap Powder?—look at your package; you'll find it isn't PEARLINE. Women are correct thinkers as a rule, but some only *think* they use PEARLINE; they are using a cheap imitation. Others call all washing powders PEARLINE. This is because PEARLINE is the original, standard, best known and safest, and is the mark for all imitations. 641

In justice to yourself and your purse,

Write **BISHOP** (*Grand Rapids,*) for **FURNITURE**

We sell DIRECT—SAVE you ONE-THIRD and ship on approval. Keep it in your home five days, if not satisfied, return it at our expense. For a

Christmas Present

No. 942 Ladies' Desk could scarcely be equaled.

Nature has done her part in furnishing the rich, warm, velvety Mahogany, and we have *done our share in the* creation of truly artistic designs, and in the exquisite finish of the woods. The lid is gracefully shaped from genuine mahogany, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and white holly and the large drawer beneath writing bed is laid with select cross band mahogany. Trimmed with solid cast brass handles and hand carved claw feet. Height, 39 in. Width, 30 in.

Our Price *to you direct is* **$11.90**

Retail Value, $15 to $20.

WE PREPAY FREIGHT to all points east of the Mississippi river and north of Tennessee, and allow freight that far to points beyond. A number of other desirable Christmas presents can be found in our large Catalogue. It's FREE.

We take all risk of damage in shipping.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rest *On Air*

PILLOWS CUSHIONS

"Perfection" AIR MATTRESSES

(Trade Mark)

In Camp—On The Yacht—Or At Home

THE IDEAL BED OR COUCH

Strictly hygienic—Non-absorbent—Odorless.

A BOON TO THE INVALID—A LUXURY FOR THE WELL

Light weight, and when deflated can be packed in small space.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST

Mechanical Fabric Co., Providence, R. I.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED